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The Shape of Things

THE BLANKET THAT WAS THROWN OVER THE George Polk murder trial by the American press has now been lifted by Constantine Poulos. In an exclusive dispatch to this magazine, to be found on page 605, Mr. Poulos reveals what really went on in Salonika last month. Judge, jury, witnesses, attorneys for both sides, and even, to a considerable extent, the only defendant who could be found—all had manifestly agreed to disagree only on side issues and to build up as strong a case as possible to "prove" that Greek Communists killed the former Columbia Broadcasting System correspondent. Numerous glaring contradictions in the testimony are pointed out by Mr. Poulos, as well as serious questions about the character of some of the witnesses and the confession of Gregory Staktopoulos. "We were convinced of his complicity in the murder," said William R. Polk, brother of the slain man, but "there are still many unanswered questions." Mr. Polk, with Mr. Poulos, attended the trial on behalf of the Newsmen's Commission to Investigate the Murder of George Polk, an organization formed by members of the American Newspaper Guild. "The case cannot be considered closed," he added.

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IF THE AMERICAN PRESS HAD HAD ITS WAY, however, the Polk case would indeed be closed. None of the material presented by Mr. Poulos found its way into the accounts carried in the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, and very few other papers covered the trial even as well as they did. Editorials hailed it as "fair," "honest," and "efficient," and parroted the satisfaction with events expressed by General William J. Donovan, who was on hand as a representative of American publishers and editors and of the Overseas Writers' Committee. The *Times* went so far as to deliver a pontifical lesson to those who had believed the Athens government had the best reasons to eliminate the fearless and bothersome George Polk. "It is unwise," said the *Times*, "to rush to conclusions before the evidence is in." So it is. The Polk case is still wide open, and we eagerly await the completion of the full documented report by Constantine Poulos and William R. Polk which the Newsmen's Commission will eventually issue to the American people.

NO POLITICAL NEOPHYTE EVER GOT OFF TO a better start than Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. Running for Congress as an independent in an overwhelmingly Democratic district, with party leaders in New York and Washington at least nominally supporting his major opponent, he won an outright majority in a field of four. Mr. Roosevelt outran the regular Democrat by nearly two to one, reduced the American Labor Party vote to pitiful proportions, and delivered what has every appearance of having been the coup de grâce to a moribund Tammany leadership. The same Democratic chiefs who formally indorsed Judge Shalleck, the regular party candidate, are showing an almost embarrassing haste, not only in welcoming Roosevelt to Washington, but in making it plain that he comes as a Democrat. Theirs is more than the cordiality with which a new and victorious Democrat is generally received, to say nothing of one who runs as an independent. It is in part, no doubt, a tribute to the new Congressman's father, but it is also a good indication that Mr. Roosevelt is expected to go far in his own right. For his part, the conqueror of Tammany Hall is just as eager to reestablish his party "regularity," and the temptation to list himself simply as a Democrat will be strong, apart from such considerations as committee assignments. Nevertheless, we hope he will adopt the designation of "Liberal-Democrat" in recognition of the party that delivered three-fourths of his vote. In the general atmosphere of post-election goodwill only the A. L. P. candidate sounded a sour note. "Maybe," Dr. Annette T. Rubinstein said, "the only way the people can learn about him is by electing him." We have a strong impression that what they learn about Mr. Roosevelt will assure him a long and fruitful career in politics.

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REPORTS FROM ENGLAND INDICATE A REAL concern over the threat to Britain's long-standing right of asylum involved in the case of Gerhart Eisler. Not merely the section of the press traditionally preoccupied with civil liberties but the most conservative journals as well have expressed grave doubts about returning Eisler to the United States for having made false statements in applying for an exit visa. "This has at least the outward appearance of the kind of conduct we most vehemently condemn in a totalitarian state," observes the right-wing *Time and Tide*. And the Manchester *Guardian* reports

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that the incident is "bound to cause misgivings among people of every political persuasion." To assuage these doubts Home Secretary Chuter Ede told Parliament last week that he shared the "anxiety" himself and that if he found the fugitive's offense to have been "of a political character" he would see that "further proceedings do not take place." By the time this issue of *The Nation* appears, Mr. Ede may well have made his decision. Until then we cannot help sharing the view of Mrs. Leah Manning, a Labor Party member of Parliament, that the same offense "has probably been committed by hundreds of thousands of political refugees since the coming of the Hitler regime." It is easy to appreciate the embarrassment of the Justice Department in having Mr. Eisler give it the slip, but since it was clearly the government's purpose to deport him, it appears to be in an absurd position in having him dragged off a Polish ship and brought back by way of a legally dubious extradition. Whatever influence Eisler may have had as a martyr was forfeited along with $20,000 when he jumped bail like a common felon. When his own counsel condemns the act as "reprehensible," why should the government redeem him by giving him a chance to pose as a wounded victim? Our feeling is that if Poland wants him, it deserves him.

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THE BRITISH TORY PARTY HAS FOLLOWED its successes in last month's county council elections with some impressive gains in the balloting for borough, urban, and rural-district councilors. Jubilantly Lord Woolton, chairman of the party, has declared: "If the electorate votes as it has done in the past week, the nail will be truly driven into the Socialist coffin." His Lordship's hopes of acting as the Labor government's mortician may be fulfilled, but we doubt that the patient is as near death as he suggests. Local elections are by no means a safe guide to parliamentary contests: local issues tend to obscure national ones, and the proportion of the electorate participating is much smaller. Moreover, Labor on this occasion was defending seats captured when it was at the peak of its strength in 1945, and although it has dropped a good many of them, it has held more. Sober observers, while admitting that the Labor Party has lost ground, still expect it to achieve a majority, if a reduced one, in the general election which will come within the next twelve months. Meanwhile the local setbacks should spur its efforts to improve its organization. Labor now has to compete with a Tory machine which has undergone remarkable rejuvenation in the past four years. In the selection of Tory candidates the accent is now on youth, and many of the party's "Blimps" have been retired. A band of volunteers to carry the word to street corner and doorstep has been enlisted to vie with the army of unpaid enthusiasts which has always been the strong feature of Labor's

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organization. On the other hand, the Tories have neither a coherent program nor a leader in tune with the times, and these lacks may prove decisive unless the economic situation in Britain seriously deteriorates.

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THAT, UNFORTUNATELY, IS A POSSIBILITY which cannot be left out of account. In the last two months the export drive has suffered a setback that is probably disturbing Labor ministers far more than their party's municipal defeats. Great efforts in 1948, and the willingness of the British people to restrict consumption so that more goods could be sold abroad, brought great results. Imports were held to about 80 per cent of the pre-war figure, while the volume of exports was raised 35 per cent above the 1938 level. The first quarter of this year showed a continuation of the upward trend, but a sharp reverse was experienced in April when exports fell some 64 million dollars below March. With imports little changed, the trade deficit for the month increased from $120,000,000 to $180,000,000. Of particular concern is a decline in exports to the United States and Canada, since the dollar shortage is the most serious aspect of Britain's exchange problem. One reason for the worsening position is, of course, the recession in this country. But also, it is claimed, British prices are too high, especially now that the world's post-war hunger for goods has abated somewhat and German and Japanese competition is again being felt. The Labor government's program for modernizing industry should eventually cut costs by increasing productivity, but that is a long-term remedy. Meanwhile it is hardly feasible to bring down export prices by reducing wages unless living costs are sharply cut first. To do so would cause violent dissension inside the Labor movement and seriously damage morale in advance of the general election. We wonder, therefore, whether Sir Stafford Cripps is well advised to set himself so vehemently against a downward revaluation of sterling. Now that world prices are tending to decline, the case for a cheaper pound to spur exports is certainly stronger than it was, and preferable to the alternative of drastic internal deflation.

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LIKE EVERY PERSON IN A POLICY-MAKING position of great importance, James Forrestal was the object of criticism, fair and unfair, and even the target of abuse. Although he was for some years a member of Nation Associates and was always a man whose personal integrity we respected, we found ourselves in the ranks of his critics. In particular we deplored his opposition, while Secretary of the Navy, to merging the armed services and his apparent willingness to place the oil of the Near East above the requirements of political justice in Palestine. We are obviously in no position to analyze the causes of the breakdown which led to Mr. Forrestal's tragic suicide, but we flatly disbelieve that he was driven to it by public criticism, as some would have the country believe. The fact is that Forrestal shouldered a burden that was all but intolerable. As Secretary of the Navy throughout the war and as the nation's first Secretary of Defense, he worked fabulously, seven days a week. In ten years of public service he was known to have taken no more than three days' vacation. Compelled by his position to provide for any contingency in the cold war, he felt he could not afford to make a single mistake on the side of unpreparedness. On top of this he had to apply a unification program in which he did not basically believe and to contend with the conflicting claims of the three branches, which at times were openly defiant of his authority. It was no wonder that when he finally collapsed, the medical men diagnosed his trouble as excessive occupational fatigue, similar to the battle fatigue of men on the firing line. We accept this diagnosis rather than that of special pleaders who, with their own axes to grind, seek to turn a personal tragedy to their own political uses.

Much Ado —

A GREAT deal of eloquence has been wasted on the Supreme Court's decision in the case of the Reverend Arthur W. Terminiello. Among some liberals the majority opinion is held to be one of those legal beacons which, erected at intervals, keep our civil liberties from floundering on the shoals of fear and hysteria. Others, just as sincere in their liberalism, share the dissenting view of Justice Jackson that "if the court does not temper its doctrinaire logic with a little practical wisdom, it will convert the Constitutional Bill of Rights into a suicide pact." Our own regretful conclusion is that the majority of the court begged the question of where the line may be drawn between freedom of speech and incitement to riot. It neither gave the Terminiellos a green light nor set a limit to their abuses of constitutional privilege.

Terminiello, a Catholic priest then under suspension by his Bishop, addressed a meeting held in Chicago, in 1946, under the auspices of Gerald L. K. Smith. As Justice Jackson pointed out, his speech followed "with a fidelity that is more than coincidental the pattern of European fascist leaders," filled as it was with references to his opponents as "slimy scum," "snakes," and "atheistic, communistic, Zionistic Jews." He could not not help being aware that some thousand of those opponents were milling about outside the auditorium in which he harangued his inflammable

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audience. The all but inevitable clash occurred, and a number of persons, including policemen, were assaulted. Terminiello was arrested and ultimately convicted of violating a Chicago ordinance directed against breaches of the peace, a conviction upheld by the Illinois Supreme Court.

The questions before the United States Supreme Court appeared to the layman to be clear enough: Were the defendant's words "wild, intemperate, and inflammatory," as the lower court said they were; was he responsible for the ensuing violence; and if so, did the community's right to punish him for a breach of the peace take precedence over his own right to freedom of speech? Justice Douglas, speaking for the majority, cited first the ordinance itself and then proceeded to the crux of the matter: "The argument here has been focused on the issue of whether the content of petitioner's speech was composed of derisive, fighting words, which carried it outside the scope of the constitutional guaranties." But this was precisely the issue the majority declined to face. "We do not reach that question," the Douglas opinion continues, "for there is a preliminary question that is dispositive of the case." The preliminary question, it turns out, was the propriety of a single sentence contained in the judge's charge to the jury in the lower court, to wit: "Misbehavior may constitute a breach of the peace if it stirs the public to anger, invites dispute, brings about a condition of unrest, or creates a disturbance."

We do not hold with Justice Frankfurter, who in his dissent argued that the court had no right to consider this point at all inasmuch as Terminiello's counsel had not even raised it in presenting its appeal. Nevertheless, there would appear to be merit in the Frankfurter contention that "a great principle may be at stake" in this case and that "to inject an error into the record in order to avoid the issue on which the case was brought here . . . hardly raises the objection to the dignity of such a principle."

While we regret that the decision failed to come to grips with the real issue involved in the Terminiello case—and even more that it will unintentionally encourage other unsavory specimens to explore the depths of demagogy—we feel that the majority opinion registered a slight net gain. In these days of loyalty tests, subversive lists, and political feverishness it was good to have the court say some of the things it did. We refer especially to Douglas's contention that "a function of free speech under our system of government is to invite dispute. It may indeed best serve its high purpose when it endures a condition of unrest, creates dissatisfaction with conditions as they are, or even stirs people to anger." Incidentally this would seem to indicate at least a trend in the court that should encourage the Communist leaders now on trial in New York. Instead of welcoming the Douglas opinion as a precedent helpful to their defense, however, the *Daily Worker* has greeted it with practiced vituperation. The government, it holds, must not be prevented "from punishing criminals calling for violence against minorities and progressives." Luckily for the defendants, their lawyers have rejected the *Worker's* self-defeating line—freedom for ourselves and ourselves alone—but the episode shows once more what Communists mean by civil liberties.

Liberals as Lobbyists

THE General Assembly of the United Nations adjourned last week amid general expressions of satisfaction in the press and on the part of its official spokesmen. Certainly a good deal was accomplished. Two of the most important decisions, although direct results of U. N. efforts, were reached outside the meeting rooms at Flushing and Lake Success. Chief of these, the lifting of the Berlin blockade and the convening of the Foreign Ministers' Council, resulted from private talks, begun in the delegates' lounge, between Philip C. Jessup and Jacob A. Malik, United States and Soviet representatives. The other, the Dutch-Indonesian agreement to end the fighting and initiate negotiations at The Hague, was made at Batavia under the aegis of the U. N. Commission for Indonesia. But the major achievements of the Assembly itself were arrived at after long-drawn debate and endless back-stage lobbying in which the conflicting interests of the great nations were nakedly revealed. The spectacle was instructive if not edifying.

What did offer encouragement was the demonstration that big-power policies could be defeated by a determined effort on the part of liberal forces in each country and of the nations remaining outside the power blocs. On the three most controversial issues—Israel, Spain, and the Italian colonies—the decisions arrived at represented effective opposition to the plans or the delaying tactics of the United States and Britain, usually acting in partnership. It is painful to have to report, after each session, the sorry role by our government in the political work of the United Nations, but events cannot be otherwise interpreted. While Russia acts as a road block, obstructing action wherever its interests or those of its satellites are directly involved, the United States consistently throws its weight behind every measure calculated to maintain the political status quo in the non-Communist world. The single exception has been in Indonesia, where Dutch intransigence seemed likely to prove an obstacle in the way of American plans for the rearmament of Europe under the Atlantic Pact.

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Russia and the United States both act under the compulsion of the cold war, but it is an unfortunate fact that these pressures provide Moscow with excellent opportunities to proclaim its devotion to freedom and political progress, while they shove us into ugly alliance with intrenched reaction.

Fortunately, the progressive spirit in America is not ready to accept the apparent logic of this tendency. It should be noted in other countries, not least in Eastern Europe and Russia, that a rapid mobilization of liberal opinion and its effective expression in Washington and at Lake Success were largely responsible for the final decisions on Israel and Spain and, to a lesser degree, on the Italian colonies.

It would be impossible to describe or impartially weigh the controlling factors in those decisions. In each case the United States played a somewhat different role. The admission of Israel to the United Nations was never opposed by the American delegation, and there is reason to believe that the top men in the State Department, as well as the President, favored the action that was finally taken. But old attitudes die hard, and officials who supported the Bernadotte plan and loyally backed every British-Arab maneuver still exercise weighty influence, while intimate association with the British Foreign Office on every strategic front makes opposition difficult. The result was that British obstruction in the Assembly was sanctioned by American silence. Only the energetic protests of interested groups supporting the efforts of a few nations, including above all the Australians inside the Assembly and the Israelis outside, assured Israel's admission.

The final action on Spain was an even clearer tribute to the effect of liberal opinion. The original intention of the State Department was to back Brazil's resolution permitting the return of ambassadors and ministers to Franco Spain. This is not officially admitted, but it is known to be a fact. Even before the question came up, however, reactions at home and in Europe forced a change: the United States would abstain on the vote and take no position in the debate. This pussy-footing policy was hardly impressive, but if it had been honestly applied, the defeat of Brazil would have been assured from the start. It was never more than a camouflage. Ignoring the professed attitude of the State Department, certain officials connected with the delegation used every possible form of diplomatic pressure to induce susceptible delegations to support the Brazilian motion. This fact, revealed first in *The Nation* and later in the New York *Times* and elsewhere, was also denied by the State Department. But the evidence was displayed before the eyes of intelligent observers at the U. N.

In this situation liberal public pressure proved decisive. Through the initiative of the Nation Associates, protests were directed to the President by the most important labor leaders and heads of liberal civic and political organizations. An uncompromising stand against the resolution was taken by the C. I. O., A. F. of L., Americans for Democratic Action, League for Industrial Democracy, American Association for the United Nations, American Civil Liberties Union, Farmers' Union, and similar groups. Representatives of the Nation Associates working at the United Nations with the anti-Franco delegates helped convince wavering members that the equivocal stand of the State Department and the "arm-twisting" indulged in by some of its agents did not reflect American opinion on the issue. It is salutary to know that a tricky Anglo-American plan to begin to ease Franco into the United Nations and the Western bloc was defeated, at least partly, by the efforts of liberal Americans.

The confusing events of the last few days, which ended in the defeat of the resolution to divide the administration of the former Italian colonies in Africa among Britain, France, and Italy, was another sign that the West's "automatic" majority is less solid than it has sometimes looked. Again the efforts of the United States were thrown behind Britain, whose military plan for the eastern Mediterranean and Middle East is predicated on effective control of these African territories. The problem presented by the Italian colonies is difficult; the best solution, in theory at least, would be a general U. N. trusteeship, with Italy given some special rights of settlement. But as long as the cold war dictates exclusion of Russia from the Mediterranean, such a plan is almost unthinkable. The best plan actually available may be the postponement that was finally voted by an exhausted Assembly.

A special word should be said about Australia and its doughty Foreign Minister, Dr. Evatt, who served as President of the Assembly. On all the issues here considered the Australian delegates took an open, uncompromising stand for a liberal policy. More than that, they were ready to fight for their ideas in the corridors and on the floor. Dr. Evatt again proved himself an admirable presiding officer, patient and tireless, but quick to detect stalling and fully able to manipulate the intricacies of procedure. It was a satisfaction to other Western democrats to be able to count on the support of this delegation when their own representatives abandoned the field.

Coming in *The Nation*

The Threat to Academic Freedom in America

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

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South Africa's Dixiecrats

BY THOMAS SANCTON

Flushing Meadow, May 18

SOUTH AFRICA is far away, and most Americans know little of its civilization. It is off the main tourist routes and was not a theater of action in the war. Political dispatches from Johannesburg deal with issues which for many Americans seem too remote to be of much importance. Many are not even quite clear who the Boers are and occasionally confuse them —something that would horrify these white-supremacy extremists—with native groups like the Bantus and Zulus.

Americans who have taken an interest in the proceedings of the United Nations now know considerably more about South African affairs. Readers of novels like Stuart Cloete's "The Turning Wheels" and Alan Paton's "Cry the Beloved Country" have also become interested in aspects of South African life. But on the political level, where our own race problem is a perpetual issue, there is almost no awareness that the same issue is dominant in South African politics and history. After years of following this facet of Southern politics, I cannot recall ever having heard a reference made to the parallels between our white-supremacy institutions and practices and those of South Africa.

How fundamental the parallelism is was revealed in clear terms this week at the closing sessions of the U. N. General Assembly. In a procedural sense the South African debate was a relatively minor matter. But it dealt with two of the basic sources of unrest in vast areas of the world today—aggressions against racial groups or other minorities in sovereign states, and the use of obsolete concepts of sovereignty to prevent the intervention of the United Nations. In our own quasi-sovereign solid South the race problem and the states'-rights doctrine are manifestations of this universal racial conflict. Last week in the United Nations debate the arguments of the South African, Haitian, Indian, and other delegates were practically identical with those heard in the United States Senate during the debate over the civil-rights program.

In the U. N. sessions the specific issue was a resolution requiring the Union of South Africa to enter a conference with India and Pakistan on the treatment of persons of Indian origin in South Africa, but the whole question of the Union's racial policies was raised in the course of the discussion. The resolution was adopted by an overwhelming vote over the protests of the South Africans. Their delegation represented a government composed of Boer extremists and headed by Prime Minister Malan, whose victory over the somewhat milder Smuts government was roughly analogous to the rise of the Dixiecrat movement. The position of the South African spokesman, E. H. Louw, Minister of Mines, was based on just such systematic political racism as is being used successfully by the Dixiecrats to kill the Truman legislative program in the Eighty-first Congress.

Photographs of the hovels of Negro miners in South Africa show family groups and backgrounds that are almost indistinguishable from those of the poorer American Negroes in the railway-track and under-the-hill shanty towns on the outskirts of Southern cities. In a recent article I discussed the exposure of similar conditions in a slum across the street from the Senate Office Building in Washington.

The standard of living of Southern Negroes has risen substantially in the past decade as a result of their employment in war industries. The living conditions of natives in South Africa remain a disgrace to the modern world. From the days of Cecil Rhodes the chief objective of Cape politics has been the exploitation of native labor in the gold and diamond mines. To force men to leave their tribal life and the "native reserves," the government first imposed a hut tax, which was later changed to a head tax. To earn the money to pay this tax the natives are obliged to go into the mines. If they don't pay it, they are thrown into prison. Both American and white African sociologists have called work conditions of native Africans in the mines worse than those endured by the slaves in this country in the nineteenth century. The dominant political parties in the Union, whatever their superficial differences, adhere to one inflexible rule—Africa for the Europeans. Until recently the Negro masses were without effective voice or representation. Now their cause has been taken up by an increasing number of enlightened whites, though little actual progress has been made against the Jim Crow oligarchy which writes the laws. Of greater moment, the United Nations provided a forum where the grievances of natives and Indian immigrants could be presented by the delegations of colored nations.

Like our own political racists, the white South African leaders subvert every process of the law and every principle of patriotism, honor, and civilization to the stultifying task of perpetuating human injustice. Point by point Mr. Louw repeated the spurious arguments for injustice—using at times the same phrasing—which were offered recently by Senators Russell, George, Ellender, and others who were active in the filibuster. There

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is no race problem in South Africa, Mr. Louw said in effect, adding the typical proviso that if there is one it is the concern of the government of South Africa and of no one else. Furthermore, he emphasized, it is the whites on whom the situation imposes hardships, for they are the "minority." "I point out something that I think is not generally appreciated—that in South Africa the minority problem is the white problem."

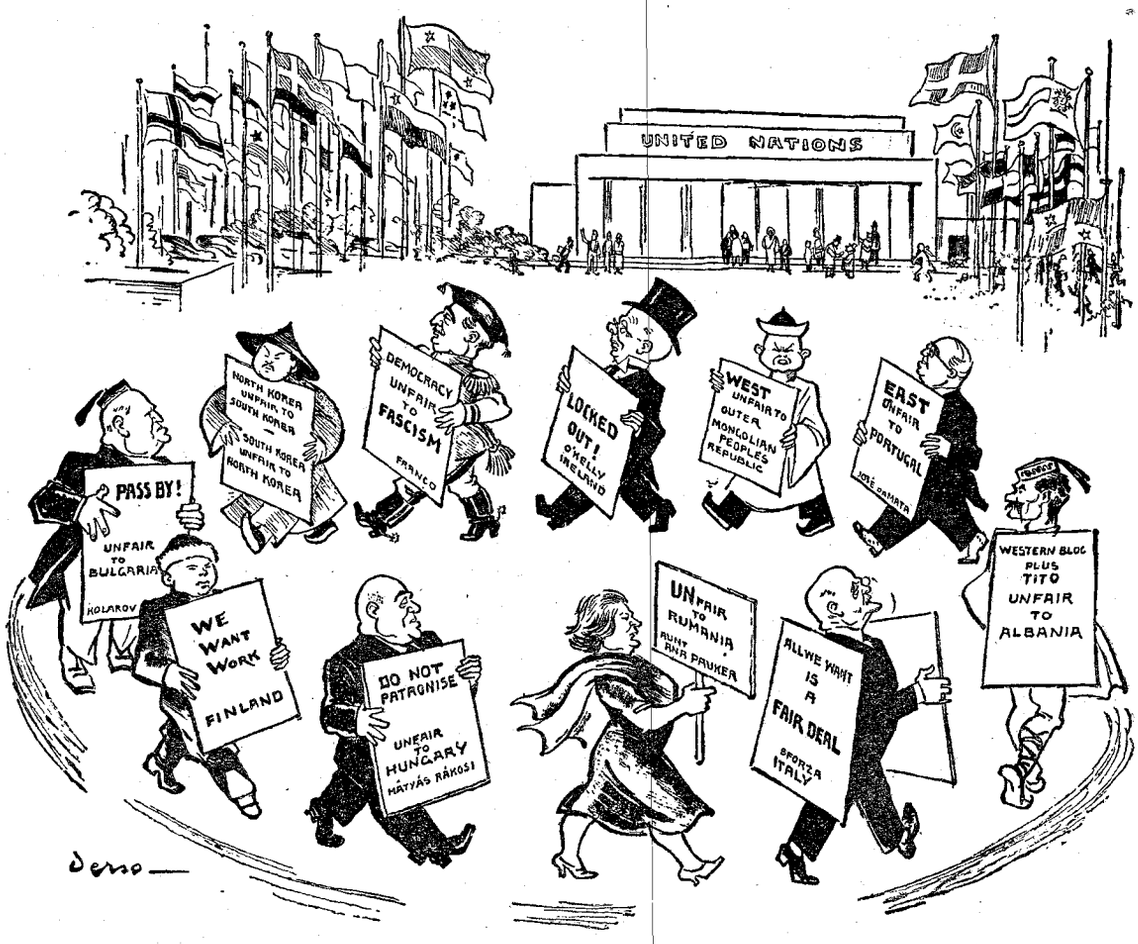
Mr. Louw challenged United Nations jurisdiction in South African racial matters in terms identical to those used in the century-old states'-rights dispute. In the Senate a narrow and anachronistic interpretation of the Constitution is invoked; in the United Nations, the Charter, and the intentions of the organization's founding fathers four years ago to protect "the sovereign equality of all its members."

The South African Minister was answered by a Negro Haitian delegate, Senator Emile Saint-Lot, in one of the most vivid speeches of the session. I should remark here perhaps that the political and economic aristocracy of Haiti has taken over the plantation economy of the days of masters and slaves and the have-nots now are exploited by men who are also the descendants of Negro slaves. Nevertheless, Senator Saint-Lot's speech was a powerful presentation of the case of all colored peoples. It succeeded in dragging Mr. Louw's narrow, legalistic arguments into a larger framework by raising the real issues of world racism, the over-riding moral issues which must be faced by any genuine world-government group. In a fine closing passage Saint-Lot, a large and very dark Negro, drew attention to the racial origins of the Haitian delegation: "We did not intend to intervene in the debate," he said, "but did so because it seemed to us that there was something that had to be said. And when the cause of mankind is being dealt with, no man can remain indifferent, not even us."

Delivered in French, much of the speech had eloquence even in the simultaneous translation. It was a dramatic moment in the sessions, and applause burst forth as the Haitian left the speakers' platform.

Since the American slavery debate a common practice of pro-slavery politicians has been to quote the reactionary opinions of certain leaders who participated in early events of the Republic, with the inference that these opinions were shared by the majority.

"There is a danger in such interpretation," Saint-Lot said, in reply to Louw's similar maneuver. "The representative of the Union of South Africa referred to the opinions of the [San Francisco] delegations, but he did not always say whether the votes taken . . . had been consistent with the opinions expressed. In an assembly in which are represented fifty-eight countries . . . it is natural that the most surprising points of view should sometimes be expressed."



THE CLOSED SHOP

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Del Vayo—The Big Four Meet

IT IS interesting that on the eve of the meeting of the Big Four the general tone of the Soviet and pro-Russian press continues to be optimistic while the West is still skeptical. Moscow has expressed a belief that the two systems, the Soviet and the American, can coexist in peace and "return to the path of cooperation" and has announced that the Soviet Union "will support any serious steps in this direction." The Moscow foreign-affairs weekly *New Times*, which has been used as a megaphone before every important international conference, has voiced these views repeatedly. The Western press, on the other hand, warns that "there is no change of heart but merely a change of tactics" in the Kremlin, that the three Western ministers are in danger of falling into a trap, and that Moscow is simply trying to get the better of Washington in the diplomatic field after having come a cropper in the adventure of the blockade and the attempt to roll up an overwhelming vote in the eastern zone's elections of May 15.

Without investing too much faith in Soviet anticipations of agreement in Paris, it is reasonable to suppose that Moscow is going to make a serious effort to renew the collaboration of 1945. The Russians realize that unless this meeting of the Foreign Ministers is successful it will be the last. The tone of their comments was very different before the London meeting at the end of 1947. The presumption is that they will go to the conference with three cardinal demands—for a united Germany, general withdrawal of the occupying forces, and a revision of the agreement on the Ruhr reached by the three Western powers in London on December 28, 1948, and signed a few weeks ago. They hold a strong card for winning the first point in the fact that even when Germany was most sharply divided, even when the Bonn constitution was finally accepted by both the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats of the western zones, the Western powers insisted that their supreme desire was for a united Germany. Of course that is a slogan which appeals so powerfully to all Germans, from neo-Nazis to Communists, that the Allies could not let the Russians be the only ones to exploit it.

Their second demand, evacuation of the occupying troops, seems at first glance more difficult to achieve. It is rumored that the Americans will submit a counter-proposal for partial evacuation—that is, for a considerable reduction of the effectives kept in Germany by the four powers and for their concentration at certain ports, the British at Hamburg, the Americans at Bremen, and the Russians at Stettin. France, being the only one of the occupying powers with a common frontier with Germany, would not be assigned a port but would be asked to withdraw its troops to its own territory in proximity to the border.

It is easy to foresee both the Soviet and the French objections to this plan. The Russians hold that Stettin is no longer in Germany but in Poland, and in their view, therefore, the Americans propose to leave only British and United States troops in Germany; they know, moreover, that no port in the eastern zone can compare in importance with Hamburg or Bremen. When word of this suggested gradual evacuation leaked into France it caused great anxiety in certain circles, especially among the Gaullists. Many Frenchmen see the plan as a contradiction of the Atlantic Pact. The declarations which accompanied the signing of the pact, especially General Bradley's statement, gave them the idea that in case of war between East and West the West's line of defense would be as far as possible beyond the Rhine. A token American force in Bremen, they believe, would be more likely to embark for home than to advance into Germany to stop the Russians. This fear may not be justified, but it is very general. The Atlantic Pact, as I said in an earlier article, to arouse any enthusiasm in France must be immediately complemented by the arming of Western Europe. The theory that both ports will be bridgeheads does not convince the French. On May 13 the Paris *Monde* said of the rumored American plan for evacuation: "It is difficult to claim that the ports in question can serve as bridgeheads: Bremen and Hamburg are both river ports, one 80 kilometers from the sea, the other 120, and they could be cut off from the sea by the enemy's armies."

That the arrangements for the Ruhr must be changed if the West really wants the conference to succeed is clear to all who have followed Soviet policy toward Germany. Writing in *France-Soir* on May 10, Pertinax observed: "We can be assured that if the international authority for the Ruhr set up by Great Britain, America, and France in London last December is given its final form without a complementary understanding with Russia, Moscow will be driven to arm eastern Germany, to make eastern Germany an armed associate."

Given the will to end the division between East and West that has almost destroyed the great hope of peace born on the day of the cease-fire in Europe, the problem of the Ruhr is not insoluble. In fact, a formula appears ready to hand, prepared by the Economic Commission of the United Nations, which is holding meetings at Geneva under the capable guidance of Gunnar Myrdal and on which the Russians are represented. This is to create a special European commission for coal and another for steel, with the Russians participating not as delegates of the Soviet Union but as international civil servants. The principal function of these bodies would be to decide from year to year how much steel and coal should be produced in Germany, taking into account the legitimate needs of Germany and of Europe. With such a setup the Russians would not feel that Ruhr production might be increased only to be utilized against them.

Solutions for all three of the basic problems I have mentioned can surely be found. The great question is whether or not the Big Four want to reach an agreement. The opening speeches of the delegates and the precise proposals submitted will soon reveal whether they are inspired by a real desire for peace or simply wish to save face and make the other side responsible for any failure.

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Who Killed George Polk?

BY CONSTANTINE POULOS

Salonika, May 15

JUST before the jury hearing the George Polk murder trial retired, the prosecutor said: "Legally, I am required to be on this side of the court. Actually, my position is beside the defense. We are on the same side. We agree as to the perpetrators of the crime. The only difference between us is whether or not Gregory Staktopoulos knew that George Polk was to be murdered."

Similarly, the defense attorneys from the second day of the trial stressed their solidarity with the prosecution. More than once they made statements such as: "The defense supports the obvious theory that the Greek Communists decided to execute Polk. We agree with the prosecution; there is no doubt that the crime was committed by the Communists." The judges, too, asked several witnesses the question: "Do you have any doubt that the Communists committed this crime?" The jurors, selected from lists submitted by merchants' associations, manufacturers' associations, professional associations, and civil lists of business and property taxpayers, showed by their questioning of witnesses that they had no doubts as to the perpetrators of the crime.

There was, accordingly, only one question to be decided, the degree of Staktopoulos's complicity in the murder. On the basis of his own confession his complicity was pretty well established; the degree of his complicity was not.

The more basic question of who killed the American correspondent in Salonika on May 8, 1948, was left unanswered. From the moment Polk's body was found in the Bay of Salonika, the Greek authorities have insisted that he was murdered by the Communists. This trial, conducted by the same authorities, was designed to prove that they were right.

Staktopoulos's confession placed the blame for the murder on two Communists, Adam Mouzenides and Evangelos Vasvanas, who were tried *in absentia* by the three judges. In his oral testimony before the court Staktopoulos also implicated the Greek Communist Party, the Cominform, and the Kremlin. The case against them was based solely on his confession. (Defense Attorney: "There is no one except Staktopoulos to tell us what happened.")

Inasmuch as the Greek Communist Party claimed that Mouzenides had been killed in the mountains a month before the murder took place, the state had to show that he had been in Salonika at the time of the murder. To do so, it produced two witnesses—Anna Molivda, the sister of Mouzenides's wife, and Mouzenides's brother Stylianos. Stylianos Mouzenides, a Salonika dentist, testified that his brother was in the city in mid-April, 1948, a few weeks before the murder, that he had spoken to him on the phone but had not seen him. The presiding judge asked the witness, "Do you have any doubt that your brother committed this crime?" The witness, after some hesitation, answered, "No."

One day during the trial the Salonika newspaper *Macedonia* published a letter from a Mrs. Sultana Kyriakidou in which she "renounced" two of her daughters, Margarita and Paraskevoula. They were in the mountains with the guerrillas, according to the mother's letter, and "as agents of the Slavs were seeking to destroy Greece and the Greek race." Long columns of similar letters are published daily in all the Greek newspapers. They are made under pressure from the authorities, who refuse to issue vital professional licenses, business permits, or even internal-travel authorizations to persons who have or have had Communists, Socialists, left liberals, progressive republicans, and the like among their relatives or friends unless they make such public disavowals.

Anna Molivda, a simple young girl who had been traveling and living with Mouzenides for a year, testified that she was in Salonika with him a few days before the murder. But this was not enough. She testified further that at a rendezvous between Mouzenides and Vasvanas, whom she did not know, she heard the latter say, "The question of the boat has been arranged. I have seen Staktopoulos, and I shall probably see Polk."

The validity of the testimony of these two witnesses, which was considered the strongest "evidence" in support of Staktopoulos's confession and the state's case against the Communist world, can surely be questioned. Anna Molivda's dovetailing story was too pat, too perfect, too rehearsed. It is difficult to believe that an experienced conspiratorial Communist like Vasvanas would have made such revealing remarks about an important pending assignment in front of a young girl who was a complete stranger to him. Much of her

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CONSTANTINE POULOS, an American newspaperman who has written frequently for The Nation, *attended the George Polk murder trial as a member of the Newsmen's Commission of Investigation.*

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prior testimony had been mumbled and low, but she spoke the two important lines clearly and loudly. Though she had forgotten a number of other conversations, she remembered the one in question very exactly.

Over Anna Molivda's head hangs the charge that she harbored Adam Mouzenides in Salonika at various times before Polk's death. This is a very serious crime in Greece today and is punishable by death. Anna Molivda was and is held in custody by the Greek police, a fact which was not mentioned during the trial. And just before Anna Molivda took the stand, the fate of two other Salonika women—Eufstathiou and Papazoglou—who had harbored Mouzenides was tactfully brought out by the prosecutor. One had been sentenced to death and executed; the other is serving a life sentence. It has been suggested that Anna Molivda gave her testimony because of deep religious feelings against communism—a strange and sudden decision for a girl who had been having illicit relations with her sister's husband for over a year.

Naturally it is difficult to prove official coercion, or terror, or the threat of terror, or fear of reprisal. It is, however, worth noting that not one of the seven Greek character witnesses called by Staktopoulos's attorneys had the courage to appear in court and testify. Only an American, Carl Compton, dean of the American-run Anatolia College of Salonika, where Staktopoulos had studied as a boy, dared to appear as a witness for the defendant.

The prosecution also produced a witness named Nicholas Zafiriou, whom General William Donovan incorrectly but significantly labeled "the Louis Budenz of Greece." Zafiriou was never a high-ranking member of the Greek Communist Party; according to his own testimony, during all the years he was in Moscow—from 1933 to 1947—he worked as a factory hand. Soon after he returned to Greece he willingly walked straight into the arms of the Greek authorities. Since then he has been appearing at various trials as an expert on communism and "finger man." He has also been writing "top-secret" reports on communism for the Greek General Staff, several series of "exposés" for Greek newspapers, and a book of inside stuff.

Zafiriou testified that he saw Adam Mouzenides at guerrilla headquarters in the mountains in January, 1948. Mouzenides, he said, had been called up from Salonika by secret radio to receive instructions "for a special assignment." In the indictment Zafiriou is quoted as saying that Mouzenides left guerrilla headquarters in mid-February, 1948. At the trial he said that it was March 20, 1948. Zafiriou was still in the mountains on April 7, 1948, and he did hear then that Mouzenides had been killed by a bomb at a place called Krousia. Later, when he was in Athens under the "protection" of the Greek police, he heard about Polk's murder and realized that the report of Mouzenides's death was a ruse. "I wondered," he added at the trial, "was it possible for the Greek Communist Party to give an order for the execution of Polk and to organize the murder? I put my hand on my heart and I said, unhesitatingly, yes."

Again one of the judges asked, "Do you have any doubts that the Greek Communist Party organized and executed the murder of Polk?" Zafiriou answered, "None. I am 100 per cent sure that the Greek Communist Party organized and executed the murder of Polk." The reliability of witnesses like Zafiriou was not questioned even once. But the reliability of one of the prosecution's "unfriendly witnesses" was challenged several times, because the witness had once been a non-Communist leftist.

STAKTOPOULOS said in his confession that he and Polk had met a number of times at the Astoria Hotel in Salonika where the American was staying. None of the employees of the hotel remembered having seen them together at any time. Staktopoulos in his confession said also that on the night of the murder he and Polk had a dinner of lobster and peas at the Luxemburg Restaurant, an outdoor place on the seaside some three miles from downtown Salonika. He and Polk, he said, boarded the boat which Mouzenides rowed up in at the Luxemburg's little pier.

The dinner of lobster and peas was confirmed by the autopsy. But the owner and the waiters at the Luxemburg insist that they did not have lobster on the menu that night. Further, they maintain that Staktopoulos, whom they all know because he went to the restaurant frequently, did not have dinner there that night; they did not see him at all on May 8, 1948.

(In a private interview conducted through a Greek army officer, who acted as interpreter, the owner of the restaurant repeated all these refutations of Staktopoulos's confession to William Polk, the victim's brother, and to me. He told us that he and his waiters had informed the investigating authorities that Staktopoulos had lied in his confession. He also pointed out that his restaurant is generally well covered by police in plain clothes, and therefore a well-known Salonika Communist like Mouzenides would not be likely to come near it.)

All these discrepancies about Polk's last hours in Staktopoulos's confession—and there are many others—were well known to the Greek authorities. But neither the owner nor any of the waiters of the Luxemburg were called to testify at the trial, by the prosecution or the defense. When asked about this, the prosecutor shrugged it off, saying it was not important where Staktopoulos and Polk had their last dinner or exactly where they boarded the boat.

How determine which parts of Staktopoulos's confession were true and which were not? Obviously, one

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believes what one wants to believe and ignores the rest. But certain parts were proved to be false by several competent persons not in any way involved in the case, while parts accepted as true by the authorities, the court, and some observers were supported only by questionable witnesses whose lives or jobs were at stake.

The trial was held on this side of the Iron Curtain, which meant that it was necessary to apply different standards from those used in evaluting confessions and trials held in Budapest or Sofia. Consequently, the Associated Press and United Press correspondents who covered the trial for the bulk of the American newspapers received strict orders to hold their dispatches to an absolute minimum, and the International News Service man spent more time answering inquiries from his office about a seventy-two-year-old woman of the Salonika area who had given birth to twins than reporting the progress of the Polk trial.

Yet the trial was held for the benefit of the United States. In his summation the prosecutor spoke bitterly of American pressure. He quoted American newspaper editorials and American Congressmen and Senators who had criticized the failure of the Greek authorities to take immediate action toward solving the crime. He also described the visit of the Greek Ministers of Public Order and Justice to Salonika on August 13, 1948, three full months after the murder. They informed him that American feeling was still high and "something had to be done." On the following day Staktopoulos was arrested.

The logical climax was Staktopoulos's statement in the courtroom: "I was a Communist. I declare my motherland, Greece, innocent of George Polk's murder. I denounce the Greek Communist Party, the Cominform, and Moscow as the perpetrators of this crime." At this point Staktopoulos turned his back on the judges, faced the press tables, and went on. "I address myself to my former colleagues, the local and foreign correspondents, and I appeal to them to leave this room quickly and to send this news immediately to all the world, that the truth may be known." They did.

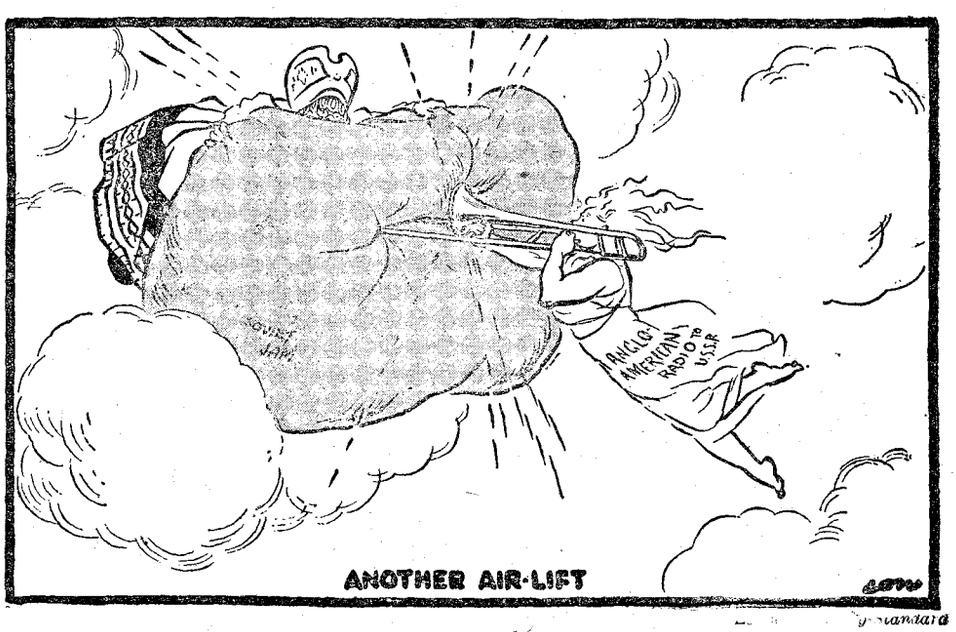
Staktopoulos had been one of the favored newspapermen in Salonika during the pre-war fascist dictatorship of Metaxas. When Greece was occupied, he worked for the German propaganda services. At the same time, according to testimony presented in court, he supplied information to an Italian agent. As the Germans prepared to withdraw from Greece in the autumn of 1944, Staktopoulos suddenly joined the powerful and then popular Greek Communist Party. Subsequently he worked for the British Information Service, and it was obvious all through the trial that the complete truth about his relations with the British was being nervously concealed. Shifting with the political tide, Staktopoulos quit the Greek Communist Party in late 1946 and went to work for a conservative right-wing paper. Finally, to complete the cycle, cross-examination by the prosecutor brought out the fact that he had also served as an informer for the Special Security (anti-Communist) Police of Salonika.

The question that remains unanswered is: Who was Staktopoulos working for on the night of May 8, 1948?

REPORTING developments in Greece has become increasingly difficult in the past few years. The murder of Polk and the Salonika trial have made it even more difficult, and the American people will be learning less and less of the truth about this country in which they now have so heavy a stake.

The royalist, right-wing newspapers of Greece have not let up on their campaign of abuse and defamation which over the years has aroused distrust and hatred of American correspondents. While the trial was on, a Salonika paper aptly named the *New Truth* ran three long front-page editorials attacking foreign newspapermen. The theme of the editorials was: "The whole effort of most of these foreigners has been aimed at perfecting the Communist slander [against Greece]." The prosecutor, the defense attorneys, and the jurors were not far behind in their vilification of various correspondents who have been reporting Greek affairs for the past few years; Greeks who had worked for or with these correspondents were called Communists and traitors.

In future, therefore, the effective, honest execution of a reporting assignment in Greece will be almost impos-



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sible. Correspondents who write anything critical of the Greek authorities—it may be merely something like what Polk wrote a few months before he was murdered: "Greece's problem is not communism, but governmental and economic outright injustices"—will be denied facilities for carrying out assignments, as was Polk, or will be refused interviews by persons they need to see, as was the New York *Herald Tribune's* Homer Bigart. No Greek will dare supply American correspondents with any news that might be considered hostile to the government. Even worse, no Greek will dare take a chance on working for a correspondent whose conclusions and reports may be critical of the government—this fear was very clearly expressed by one of the witnesses at the trial.

When Polk's body was found, the Columbia Broadcasting System's Howard K. Smith said, "The murder cheapens the lives of all reporters everywhere. It cheapens truth." The Salonika trial did nothing to improve the situation. It made it worse.

Machines, Political and Slot

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, May 17

THE long-simmering feud between Governor Earl Warren and Attorney General Fred N. Howser, both Republicans, has recently developed into the noisiest political brawl that California has seen in many a day. On the surface the issue is whether Howser has been an efficient and vigilant law-enforcement official, but there is more to the feud than meets the eye.

Some years ago Howser was appointed District Attorney of Los Angeles under circumstances that still excite amazement. His appointment was slipped through the Board of Supervisors before the public knew what had happened and almost before his predecessor's funeral rites had been performed. Howser was scarcely known at the time outside the Long Beach assembly district that he represented in the state legislature. The rumor still persists that Artie Samish, the king of the lobby in Sacramento, was largely responsible for this extraordinary appointment. In the 1946 campaign Governor Warren mentioned Howser, who had won the Republican nomination for Attorney General, as infrequently as possible and always with calculated coolness. In fact, Warren began to draw up plans for a Commission on Organized Crime, which the legislature approved in 1947, almost from the moment that he knew Howser would be the Republican nominee. Aside from Howser's nomination, however, Warren had other reasons to be concerned about law enforcement. That a violent battle was shaping up for control of gambling and bookmaking in California was clear from a succession of crimes—the murder of Bugsy Siegel, the throttling of Nick de John in San Francisco, the attempted assassination of Tony Carnero Stralla, the shotgun murder of Tom Buffo, and the antics of Mickey Cohen's gang in Los Angeles.

CAREY McWILLIAMS, a staff contributor, has long been a close student of California politics.

The second report of the Governor's Commission on Organized Crime, released on March 7, 1949, throws considerable light on the Warren-Howser feud and also strikingly confirms Lincoln Steffens's thesis about the origin of graft and corruption. The first section of the report deals with bookmaking. Control of the "wire service," of course, is the key to the organization of this monopolistic racket. If one agency has a monopoly of racing information and can get this information to its customers in advance of all other sources, every bookie must take the service. The commission quickly discovered that the Continental Wire Service of Cleveland, through wires leased from Western Union, was distributing racing information to eight stragetically located "drops," which in turn relayed the information to the bookies in their territories. The contract between Continental Wire and Western Union provided that the service might be discontinued should any state law-enforcement officer notify Western Union that the leased wires were being used for an illegal purpose. The officials of Western Union, of course, professed an elaborate unawareness of the existence of a bookmaking cartel in California, but this "escape clause" shows they had at least some inkling of how their wires were being used.

Once this pattern was established, the commission requested the California Public Utilities Commission to investigate the wire service. Next the commission suggested that Mr. Howser, as Attorney General, should ask Western Union to cancel its contract with Continental Wire and discontinue service to the eight "drops." Howser made the request, the company discontinued the service, and bookmaking ceased—for several days. Continental Wire then went to the federal courts and obtained an ex parte order requiring Western Union to restore the service to a "drop" in Los Angeles. Although requested to do so by the Crime Commission, Mr. Howser refused to intervene in this suit. The court order remained in effect for nearly a year, and the Los Angeles

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"drop" continued to function. During this period the Crime Commission asked the Attorney General to investigate a "drop" in Palm Springs which was also being operated as a bookie shop. Mr. Howser reported, however, that he was unable to find any evidence of bookmaking, although subsequently an investigator for the commission had no difficulty in securing such evidence. Governor Warren has charged that information turned over to the Attorney General's office by the Crime Commission in this and other cases "leaked" to the interests under investigation.

THE second section of the report deals with the slot-machine racket. One of the interesting by-products of this age of gadgets has been the manufacture of an endless variety of mechanical gambling devices, which have made many economies possible for their owners. One operator can handle a large number of machines in different places; the machines never make mistakes, that is, they are thoroughly "honest"; and their distribution in bars, hotels, tobacco shops, and retail stores brings into being a "vested" group willing to lend important political support to the gambling interests. California, as all readers of William Saroyan's plays and stories are aware, has always had a penchant for the "slots." In fact, the original bell machines, or "one-armed bandits," were invented in San Francisco in 1895. The federal government, which levies a $100 annual tax on all coin-operated gambling devices, reported 8,000 machines in California in 1947. Actually the number is vastly in excess of this estimate; 3,000 machines were recently found in one county. Some of the operators of machines have 500 or more on location with estimated earnings of $50 a week each. The manufacture of mechanical gambling devices is not only a big business in itself but is hooked-up with that of automatic vending machines.

In opening up territory for gambling devices, the standard procedure is first to introduce punchboards with merchandise prizes and to encourage charities to use these boards for fund-raising. Cash prizes are gradually substituted on the punchboards; next come mechanical grab machines, race-horse games, and similar "games of skill," and finally the highly profitable bell slot machines make an appearance. The slot-machine industry is organized along "sound" business lines. The principal trade association is the Coin Machine Institute, which publishes a trade journal full of much curious and interesting sociological lore. At the annual convention of the institute the trade is given expert advice on how to win friends and sidestep the law. At the 1949 convention the president rather pathetically pointed out that "we who have invested our time, money, and many of us the best years of our lives in this industry must get together to prevent unfavorable happenings." The gross annual take of the slot-machine racket is estimated by the Crime Commission to be in the neighborhood of $2,000,000,000. Since the proceeds are split forty-forty between the location owner and the operator, with 20 per cent usually reserved for protection and graft, it is apparent that some $400,000,000 is being spent annually for protection. At a lower level the industry is organized in local trade associations which levy so-called "juice assessments," prevent unfair trade practices, such as the stealing of top locations, and cultivate good public relations by buying inordinate quantities of tickets for the various "picnics" and other social functions given by local police associations.

Early in 1948, according to the Crime Commission, a representative of one of the largest punchboard makers in the country, accompanied by a sergeant of the Los Angeles police, since discharged, appeared at the offices of the Kern County Music Operators' Association and outlined a scheme for introducing 500,000 punchboards in California. The plan called for a "juice assessment" of $1 a board. After this assessment had been collected, all "unbranded" punchboards would be driven from the field, and specially branded punchboards—the brand indicating payment of the assessment—would be substituted. This assessment was actually levied and collected for some weeks, at least to the extent of $10,530. And at precisely the time that the first shipments of branded punchboards began to arrive in Kern County, a representative of the Attorney General's office was picking up unbranded boards in the same area. The same procedure was followed in Marysville. In Mendocino County, Wiley Caddel, "Coordinator of Law Enforcement" for the Attorney General, and one James M. ("Chinese") Mulligan, a retired Los Angeles police officer, not only organized the local slot-machine operators but purchased an interest in a string of slot machines. Here each machine brought in from $4 to $10 a week. Caddel got careless, however, and with Mulligan was indicted and convicted on a charge of bribery. At the trial of these men the Attorney General kept a staff of eleven investigators and stenographers on the scene, and according to the Crime Commission this staff "made matters very difficult" for the prosecution.

GOVERNOR WARREN is at present beset with many serious problems. The economy bloc in the legislature is fighting to cut the budget; several of his social-reform measures have been summarily tabled; he has been attacked by "front" organizations for special-interest groups; and a revolt has developed within the Republican Party against his leadership. A number of prominent Republicans have publicly stated that Warren is "through," but the way he has used the feud with Howser to cover his weakness suggests just the opposite. In fact, the Democrats, fearful that he has hit upon a win-

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ning issue for the 1950 campaign, have been supporting him in this fight.

Howser might seem to be too feeble a strawman for Mr. Warren's strategy, but that is not the case. Opposition to the Crime Commission, which is seeking an appropriation of $100,000 to continue its work, has suddenly come from many diverse interests. They are not concerned with the political rehabilitation of Howser, which would be impossible, but are taking his side as part of an oblique attack on Warren. Thus the Governor, for the first time, finds himself at least partially engaged with the interests that checkmated the Olson administration. On the surface, he is fighting Howser; the name of his real opponent does not appear in the papers. If the Crime Commission obtains its appropriation, it may reveal the name of the man whom Dick Hyer almost named in a piece in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of September 3, 1947. Among the men, Hyer wrote, who foregather with Frank Costello in Hot Springs "is one of California's most powerful lobbyists, a man whose activities have baffled official investigators, who meddles incessantly in California's state and county elections, who controls a large number of legislators and officials, who controls also a big part of the state's underworld voting power and its huge political campaign funds, and whose headquarters are in San Francisco." This is a pretty good lead, and the Crime Commission should have little difficulty in filling in the name.

Governor Warren's political future would appear to hinge, therefore, on whether or not he will have the courage to tell the people what his fight with Howser is all about and to identify the forces that are wrecking his program, as for twenty years they have wrecked the program of every administration they did not control.

Poland, 1949

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

II. Taming the Church

Warsaw, May

THE international situation has increased the nervous tension in Poland, and problems which a year ago "could wait" have become urgent. With Germany next door, with the Oder-Neisse frontier not yet officially recognized by the West, with the Russian occupation troops in Germany still firmly maintaining their headquarters in Lower Silesia, Poland is more conscious of the war menace than Czechoslovakia. Every Pole suspects that the West's flirting with Germany may end with Gretchen being paid a *petit cadeau* which has been taken out of Poland's pocket. Some Western diplomats in Warsaw believe that the Russians will try to make friends of both the Poles and the Germans by compelling the Poles to return some of the former German territory and giving them the city and province of Lwow in compensation. This seems a rather far-fetched idea, but that there should be so much talk on these lines shows that many Poles are not sure about the permanence of their frontiers.

Among the intelligentsia there is an unhappy sense of becoming increasingly isolated from Western culture, and the veto on all foreign travel except to places like Czechoslovakia is a source of real discontent. Not only the "reactionaries" are disturbed by this but also liberal and "progressive" intellectuals, even some who are closely affiliated with the Communist Party. All these people find it hard to be impressed by the Soviet cultural reforms and by modern Soviet art. Many Poles, too, are rubbed the wrong way by the "Sovietism" of the party's line on various matters, and though Gomulka has been deposed, there is much real, if purely platonic, pro-Gomulka sentiment. The petite bourgeoisie, which still conducts 95 per cent of retail trade, more or less "accepted" the regime a year ago but does so less readily now. Altogether, the Poles feel a good deal of mental confusion, and the government is increasingly alarmed by the church's contribution to this confusion.

A YEAR ago the church was fairly meek and mild, but lately it has been showing signs of truculence. Whether this truculence was provoked or not is really immaterial, for a showdown between church and state was bound to come sooner or later. Things that would have been unthinkable before are happening in Poland now. Numerous large mass-meetings—not only in industrial centers but even in an ultra-clerical city like Lublin—have fully indorsed the government's proposals to the church as formulated on March 14 by Mr. Wolski, the Minister of Public Administration, in a statement to Bishop Choromanski. Wolski complained that activity against the government on the part of "a certain section of the clergy" had been intensified in recent months. "A part of the higher church hierarchy," he said, "is trying through pastoral letters and secret instructions to pro-

ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's *correspondent in Eastern Europe, has gone to Paris to cover the Foreign Ministers' conference. Part I of this article, Shortages and Schisms, appeared last week.*

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voke anxiety and stir up the people over an alleged threat to the freedom of religion. Such fears are without the slightest foundation. . . . The government does not intend to restrict religious freedom." Charging that priests often sponsored "criminal and anti-state groups," he declared that unless these hostile practices were discontinued, no modus vivendi could be arranged between the state and the church. Religious schools, he went on to say, would "enjoy appropriate rights, provided they conformed with the laws and regulations in force." The "definite relationship between church and state would be embodied in the new Polish constitution and would be determined, so far as the rights of the church hierarchy were concerned, by the past attitude of the clergy and the hierarchy toward the people's state." Here clearly was a warning.

Part of the Polish press is even more outspoken against the church. The Vatican is accused of having condoned Nazi atrocities during the war and of having only mildly, and never publicly, complained to the Germans about the murder of several Polish churchmen, including some bishops. The papers also allege that the Pope in a message to the German bishops of March 1, 1948, condemned the Western frontier changes and the expulsion of millions of Germans from the territory given to Poland. *Zycie Warszawy* denounced the Pope as "a great capitalist" and an ally of American imperialism and then printed a long dissertation on canonical law whose purpose was to show that Polish bishops must rule the "individual sections of the church" by their own authority, "and not as delegates of the Pope." On another occasion the same paper said that the Poland of today was "not interested in a concordat with a capitalist state like the Vatican."

Discussing Wolski's charges against the church, the Cracow *Tygodnik Rcwczechal*, Cardinal Sapieha's paper, asserted that "the Episcopate had categorically forbidden the clergy all political action," and that "all transgressions by priests would be punished." As for the Pope's letter of March 1 to the German bishops, the paper claimed that the Vatican had "cleared up the misunderstanding in a subsequent message." (The Polish press, nevertheless, persists in saying that the Pope's "anti-Polish" letter was deliberately concealed from the faithful by the Polish clergy.)

Sapieha's paper then went on to differentiate between two sets of problems—those concerning the internal affairs of the Catholic church in Poland and those concerning the organization of the Catholic church in the Polish state. The former, it said, could be settled directly between the Episcopate and the government, but the question of the organization of the Catholic church in Poland "can be settled only through an understanding with the Holy See," that is, through a concordat. It added, "The campaign conducted against the church by the press is not conducive to an atmosphere of understanding. It has the opposite effect."

The line taken by the new primate, Archbishop Wyszinski, in response to the Wolski memorandum, like that taken by Cardinal Sapieha, was fairly moderate and conciliatory. Wyszinski stressed that "the Catholic church throughout the centuries had cemented Polish unity" and promised non-interference in political affairs. But the reactions of some priests were much more violent. One has the impression that the Polish government is accumulating a great dossier against a number of churchmen, and indeed against the Pope himself, the main charge being that they were pro-Nazi. Two bishops have been singled out for denunciation—Karczmarczyk of Kielce and Adamski of Katowice—but others are also mentioned; the Bishop of Siedlce is accused of having given his blessing to an Italian regiment during the war before it was sent to fight the Red Army.

The Adamski case is interesting because it involves General Sikorski. During the war Adamski, who claims to have acted on Sikorski's instructions from London, is alleged to have advised Poles in Silesia to declare themselves Germans, so as to avoid deportation and other trouble. Like Benes in Czechoslovakia, Sikorski in Poland is now being "debunked"; it is even said that Sikorski Avenue in Warsaw is to be renamed.

WE SHALL see, in the course of this year, how far the Polish government will be able to go in the direction of taming the church. It seems fairly certain that a number of "pro-Nazi" bishops will be tried. With a good strong collaboration charge one can still do almost anything in Poland. It is highly embarrassing to the church to have such a charge brought against any of its bishops, and the state can also use as a weapon the threat of confiscating church property. At the same time, to save itself a lot of trouble, the Polish government is likely to refrain from any real persecution of the church.

How many of the Poles are fanatical Catholics? This is one of the most difficult questions to answer. I have been to Polish villages where the women were completely under the priest's thumb, while the men, though churchgoers, were anti-clerical. "I wouldn't worry about the priest," one young peasant remarked to me; "he gets his 7,000 zloty [more than two weeks' wages] every time there's a wedding, and his 3,000 zloty every time there's a funeral. And if the dead man is a party member, his family have to pay through the nose." As against this, when Cardinal Hlond was buried, thousands knelt in the mud around his grave. In the industrial centers the church is undoubtedly losing ground, and as somebody remarked to me, "nobody's going to make too big a fuss over the church if by doing so he risks losing his job." It seems not to be in the interest of either side to start too violent a squabble.

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SO THEY SAID

BY TIM TAYLOR

"WOLF!" cried the New York *Daily News*. Pulling out all stops, the daily with the largest circulation in America went to town on an exclusive story of the loss or theft of a quantity of U-235. "Atom Bomb Uranium Vanishes," shouted its front page (May 18). "Secret Material Lost or Stolen at Chicago Plant."

Close to two full pages—important page three and a carry-over page—were devoted to the exclusive yarn that boasted of everything but a cold-war Mata Hari. Carrying a Washington date line and the by-lines of William Bradford Huie and Jerry Greene, the copyrighted story began:

> Three quarters of a pound of Uranium 235, explosive heart of the atom bomb and the deadliest and most closely guarded secret of the United States, has vanished from the Chicago laboratories of the Atomic Energy Commission.
>
> Key counter-intelligence officers who have been sweating blood in a frantic race to find the missing bomb component now believe that they have failed and that the uranium is in Russian hands.
>
> The loss—or more probable theft—is considered the greatest threat to national security ever to be discovered in peace time.

The minor incident grew and grew in the hands of the *News* writers. The "lost or stolen" U-235 was sufficient to permit nuclear scientists to perform experiments "leading to the perfection of a detonating mechanism." "The entire security force of the AEC plunged into the greatest detective action of the century."

When copies of the first edition of the *News* hit other city desks, there was a scramble for details. Then the truth began to come to the surface.

These are the facts: Only thirty-two grams of U-235 scrap, slightly more than one ounce, had been reported missing. All but seven grams were recovered from waste material. The mislaid property was not pure U-235 and in such small quantity would be of little value to a potential A-bomb builder. As I. F. Stone (*Compass*, May 19) said, "The case of the missing uranium is to be read not in the light of the cold war between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R., but of the hot vendetta waged against the Atomic Energy Commission" by military and big-business interests battling to take control of the atom out of civilian hands. The *News* is a leader in this fight.

* * *

WESTBROOK PEGLER took time off from his labor-baiting activities to throw a few punches at the pensions of big executives—a laudable undertaking. "Many of the corporation officers serve many corporations and not only get first crack at the profits of manipulation of their stocks and the investors' interest, but draw plural lavish salaries and are eligible for plural pensions," the columnist said in the New York *Journal-American* of May 13.

Siding with the stockholders, Pegler kicked the legs out from under those corporation officers who argue that prohibitive income taxes make it impossible to save more than a pittance from their high salaries. "The stockholder," he pointed out, "is in an even worse case because his own scale of earning is lower . . . he still has to pay his own income tax on the dividends if there are any after the executives have been bedded down for life."

Then Pegler flipped his lid—probably from long-standing habit. "He [the stockholder] may wind up with 1 per cent of his money, subject to panics, government harassment, and union raids." The columnist also got in a couple of cracks about how the stockholders are "put on" by federal and state governments and how they pay their share of "Harry Truman's annual gift of $75,000, tax-free and not to be accounted for."

Pegler should have quit when he was ahead.

* * *

THE NEW YORK *WORLD TELEGRAM* editorially placed its thumbs under its arms, spread its fingers, and said, "Look at us!" In a page-one, two-column story on May 12 the paper announced it would get a citation for its coverage of Israeli news. On the same day the *Journal-American* announced it would receive a citation. Diffidence or lack of space up front located its account on page five. Neither newspaper mentioned that eight other New York dailies, four trade papers, and four radio networks received identical citations from the Committee for the Celebration of the First Anniversary of the State of Israel.

* * *

RICHARD WATTS, JR., who types out two or three it-seems-to-me columns a month in addition to covering the theatrical front, had a few words to say (*Post Home News*, May 12) regarding columnar comment on the situation in China. "I hate to suggest such a negative approach," he added, "but one way to be almost inevitably right about Chinese affairs is to take the point of view just opposite to that held by George Sokolsky."

* * *

NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS, on the whole, always failed to support the late President Roosevelt when he was campaigning for office. They continued to follow this behavior pattern during the recent special election in the Twentieth Congressional District. Representative-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., had only two dailies in his camp—the *Times* and the *Post Home News*.

[*Mr. Taylor turns his spotlight on the press every week in* The Nation.]

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The Last Column

[Gene Charles d'Olive, Dartmouth College graduate, veteran of World War II, returned from military service to his home in San Marino, a fashionable Los Angeles suburb, and to his former position as an executive of a prosperous small business. But his work didn't seem to square with his war-time experiences, and so he ran for the state legislature, as a Democrat, in overwhelmingly Republican San Marino. He was defeated. Then, with some other young associates, he took over a newspaper published in nearby Glendora. He served as editor and columnist of the Glendora Press *until a few weeks ago when he announced that he was severing connections with the paper in the following column.]*

THIS is my last column. I am sorry. I have enjoyed these six months, but there it is. This is my last column. . . .

Those who are gladdened have a right to be. They disagree with me, and this is their privilege. They may even be right. Sound progress will always be based upon a compromise or a resultant of forces. I recognize this and like it that way. All I ask is that there always be at least two forces. Because I feel a danger of there only being one, I have tried to be a part of another.

This will be my last opportunity to plead with Glendora to use reason in the consideration of forces at work in the world. In any conflict of universal scope, total right is not concentrated in either antagonist. And to operate under this false assumption is shortsighted.

Yet anyone who pauses to watch the formulation of present-day opinion must be aware that there is room for only one point of view. And those who would even question it are immediately attacked by a dangerous coalition of conservative economic and political interests.

They are attacked so viciously and mercilessly that the last four years have brought the United States to the point that only one opinion dares be voiced. I feel this is a sad state of affairs for a nation with our traditions.

To be specific, I don't think it right that labels should be plastered indiscriminately upon any and all who voice independent thoughts. Yet this has been done so thoroughly and with such devastating consequences that no man can afford to exercise his prerogative of free expression. Hence the increasing, awful, and unnatural silence.

I say "unnatural" because the lack of protest would indicate that all people agree everything is going well. But this isn't so. There are thousands who don't like the way things are going; who don't understand, for example, why it is that four years after the terrible war we are rapidly approaching another.

All this has nothing to do with who is right and who is wrong. All factions will be both right *and* wrong over a period of time. It may be that the ideas I espouse will be wrong most of the time. But right or wrong, they must be heard. All ideas must be heard. If they are, the best ones will prevail. If they're not, the prevailing ones will not be best.

And so I hope my readers will maintain open and intelligent minds and use reason in their examination of current developments. It will be hard. The disgraceful extent to which the American press prostitutes its responsibility to the public will make it very hard. Readers in the Los Angeles area will have an especially difficult time of it.

I hope my readers in the future will listen and think no matter who speaks. And I hope above all that some of my readers will be encouraged to think and speak no matter what their opinion. I hope there will be a few who will find courage to break the awful, unnatural silence.

Although Glendora as a whole has been mighty hospitable to me, a segment made up of a few influential business interests has not taken kindly to some of the things I have said; to some of the things in which I believe with my whole heart.

I have taken somewhat of a beating over the last few months. I would be less than honest if I didn't admit that. However, I haven't minded it and would be happy to spend the rest of my life taking a beating in defense of the things I hold inviolable. Indeed, I probably will.

But, unfortunately, my associates also have been taking somewhat of a beating from the business segment of which I spoke. This isn't fair. I have all the fun but my associates take half the beating.

And so I feel it best if I move on. I love Glendora. But I love the newspaper business more. It seems I am forced to choose between them.

That's why I say this is my last column.

G. C. d'O.

[Appended was this statement by the paper's publisher:]

The publisher of the *Press* wishes to say at this time that he gave Mr. d'Olive, editor, a free hand in his writing, believing that a man who will write only what is given to him to write is not worth his salt. A man must write what he believes. Upon Mr. d'Olive's departure control of the editorial policy will revert to the publisher.

Mr. d'Olive leaves the *Press* with the regret of the publisher.

In Coming Issues of *The Nation*
A Debate on the Question
Is Modern Man Destroying Himself?
WILLIAM VOGT, author of "Road to Survival," sees the world headed toward starvation.
EARL PARKER HANSON, author of "New Worlds Emerging," suggests ways of averting the disaster.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ESSAYS AND ASIDES

With Goethe in Colorado

BY JACQUES BARZUN

I DID not go to meet him there; in fact, it is not until August that he will arrive in Aspen to cut his birthday cake glimmering with 200 candles. But I have tried to think of the way in which he will be received, and I have been wondering whether he will like it. We can fully please only those who truly please us, and it seems difficult for the twentieth century to fall in love with a man apparently so remote, so unclassifiable, and—to be honest—so officially celebrated as Goethe.

Whatever it may reveal of our collective character, we prefer the people whom we can pull up out of the mire, commiserate with, and serve as belated patrons—the unhappy, baffled, mad, poor, or diseased, such as Baudelaire, James, Kafka, Rilke, or Proust. Goethe escapes us when he does not irritate. The word Olympian which sticks to him seems an offense to our sufferings and a reproach to his easily satisfied demands: he gazes at us across the nineteenth century, clear-eyed, well-adjusted, handsome, a complacent lover, adorned with a *von,* dabbling in all the genres, tossing off the French Revolution in order to be solemn about the governing of Weimar, and in the end exacting European tribute for a couple of works which chiefly live on men's lips as a pair of formulas—Werther and Faust.

None of this is accurate or just but it is *felt,* and only the forthcoming celebration and its aftermath will tell us if during the last two decades the tacit emotion of rejection has changed. I allude to the fact that for Goethe's centenary in 1932, in these very pages, the most brilliant critic of the then rising generation disposed of the Old Master as a Stuffed Shirt—his blast having been preceded by several disdainful sniffs from the next older oracle, T. S. Eliot. At that time what did not belong to Marx belonged to Dante. Even in academic halls, despite the amateurish lobbying of the German departments, "Faust" was being compared, greatly to its disadvantage, with the "Divine Comedy," and knowing youths would murmur uncertain Italian about *la sua pace* instead of *Verweile doch, du bist so schön.*

ANY redirection of our feelings will have to come from a genuine reconsideration of Goethe's work, and this being so we may bless the celebration of anniversaries: it excites the cupidity of publishers, who transmit this energy to critics by making them edit new selections. These are reviewed, perhaps disinterestedly read, and the whole orientation of the public mind may slowly change. Whether it does or not depends of course on other favoring circumstances, for real reconsideration does not mean going over the writings and confirming one's distaste; it means discovering a connection between the work and our experience, actual or desired.

The best sign that something like this has happened and that a true rereading is under way—or at least possible—we may infer from the truly excellent collection of letters—"Goethe's World"—edited by Berthold Biermann for New Directions. The choice has been made with such knowledge and the editing with such tact that their prevailing effect is that of being introduced to an unknown. Readers who retain lusterless memories of Goethe's autobiography, especially in English, or smoldering resentment against the Conversations with Eckermann, will feel as if themselves rejuvenated by the pages of "Goethe's World." For, in the first place, the Old Pretender is gone; in his stead we find an ardent youth, gifted but blundering, favored by friends and fortune but endeared to us by his dissatisfaction with himself and with the easy world he might inherit. When we come to the writing of "Werther," we experience, I think, the shock of a sudden historical awareness: although Goethe is already famous, the Olympic, Faustian poet is still in the distant future: the signers of the Declaration of Independence might be reading "Werther" if they wished. Its young author is a man of the Enlightenment just absorbing French culture, and as a contemporary and disciple of Rousseau he is just beginning to impart to that culture a decisive turn. After this we can no longer pick up "The Sorrows of Young Werther" in order to smile at occasional naivetes or in order to feel secure against so much sensibility. We yield rather to the pressure of its solid ballast—its style, which departs from the abstraction of (precisely) the Declaration of Independence; its insights, which following Rousseau lead on to Freud.

It would be tedious to go about extracting lessons or anticipations of this order from the immense bulk of Goethe's work—sixty-two years of tireless production on every namable topic. But the principle of right perception can be usefully stated again as that of recognizing our experience and our beliefs in the language or the forms of the founding intellect. For there is a sense in which Goethe represents with Rousseau and Kant the source and reservoir of our entire subsequent culture. You can go to Goethe not only for psychology and criticism and religion but also for Europeanism, philosophy of science, and mythopoetics. The very fact that he was forever digging or synthesizing these ores out of contrary substances makes him all the more valuable to us, for we have just reached the point where, in *our* familiar context, these things run the risk of becoming sterile commonplaces. In his work, finished before England's first Reform Bill was passed, we see our thoughts as if reset, illuminated by the strangeness of the surrounding matter. We, for instance, are imbued with the idea of evolution. The battle has been fought and won, and the accepted principle underlies every discipline of the modern mind. We wake from our dogmatic slumbers, therefore, when we find Goethe brush-

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ing aside the news of the 1830 revolution as a trifle compared with the simultaneous debate on biological evolution in the French Academy of Science.

TO SAY this is naturally not to offer a justification but a sort of translator's key. Nor is everything settled by correcting a wrong historical perspective. As Albert Schweitzer has pointed out, Goethe generally fails to impress in the expected way. He is at all times a dramatist of a peculiar kind—a kind in which Schweitzer includes both Bach and Berlioz—who disdains description but gives in brief compass the pregnant moment, the action caught in merely suggestive detail. This paradoxically explains why it is possible to read sizable portions of Goethe's fiction or discursive wisdom and wonder what the point is: the point has been made and is past. "Nothing," says Goethe, "is so hard to bear as a succession of beautiful days." "Well," says the reader, "what of it?" He may even add, "Just try me!" Or again, in "Wilhelm Meister," that ancestor of all novels of education, when the young friends have put on "Hamlet" and collected a good sum from the audience, the box-office man joins them and says, "An excellent beginning; prejudice itself will now be on our side."

In general, then, the bearing of Goethe's observations is worldly; more than that, it is worldly without obvious partisanship. He accepts the harshness of social rules without affection or protest. This is alienating to the reader who wants, let us say, the satire of Proust or the denunciations of Marx, which seem to promise him freedom through the prompt disintegration of the social order. Nor do Goethe's explorations of the individual and his emotions afford any more obvious release, for he keeps shuttling back and forth between feeling and external necessity without discrediting either. In putting this abstractly I am but restating the message of "Faust," the romanticist message par excellence, which is so hard for us, apparently, to reconcile with our tortured sensibility.

Our resistance may well be justified by our historical position, for we assume the present to be decadent and chaotic and we want the relief of at least beholding a firm structure. Hence our love of Dante, who although he goes through the steps of an arduous pilgrimage, does so under the guidance of a divine deputy and finds a pervasive organization as soon as he begins the great descent.

Faust on the contrary sets out with an enemy, not a friend, and under a sky ruled by necessity, not love. Any order that emerges will have to be man-made. This alone sufficiently accounts for the eager reception of the drama by the men of thought who in the 1800's tried to build on the bare plain left by the revolution and Napoleon. Today we should read Part II first and ponder its parables and mysteries in parallel with the elements of our own problem—war, economics, ancestral fears, and social welfare. And in this regard we should especially remember the wonderful episode of Philemon and Baucis near the very end of the tragi-comedy. When Faust has begun operations on his vast scheme of physical improvement, he finds the cottage of this aged idyllic pair athwart his path and he has it destroyed. The master-planner—ruthless from generosity—does not live long enough after this final lesson to be able to apply it.

FAUST'S course from the philosopher's study to the field of social action is undoubtedly an ideal projection of Goethe's own development. But we make a mistake if we suppose that "Faust I," so steadily incriminated by our anti-romantics, propounds a philosophy of experience in the rakish sense. The early Faust is no more wild, proud, or anarchic than the early Dante, and neither figure *reforms*, in the sense applicable to a rehabilitated criminal. The energies of men—and this is what Goethe's life and work concurrently tell us—are uncompressible. Life is headless, violent, death-bound, and tragic. The sole question is to what we shall dedicate this force, within what disciplines we shall contain it—the container having as necessary effect an increase of the pressure, not a reduction. The old Goethe was as passionate as the sexually compelling youth of Werther days, but when he wrote the "Marienbad" elegy, he had half a century of distilled consciousness with which to direct his daemon and assuage his frustrated instincts. It is inspiriting to remember his remark to Eckermann that in eighty years he had not been granted four weeks of contentment.

After him the inclusiveness of his ideal, the daily battle by which he won both freedom and resignation in small perishable doses, and the true reading of his humdrum aphorisms, as well as the meaning of his care for the affairs of a petty state—all were generally mistaken and misapplied. It is so much easier to worship a name and edit old books than to apprehend the burden of a life. Inevitably some young Faust comes along and in *his* energy of despair, he tosses the old idol out of the window. The idol we can always dispense with, but there are so few true men that we cannot afford to neglect their unique garnerings. Obscurities, errors, faults, and repetitions do not matter. Critics are presumably always on hand to garden the plot that tradition, however blind, keeps fenced off and correctly labeled. It is good to know that Schweitzer and Ortega and Viëtor are going to call us to witness, this summer in Colorado, the eternal youth and strength of old Goethe. "I have stumbled," he wrote on one occasion, "over the roots of the tree I planted." But he added, "He must be an old forester who can say that."

[*This is the first of a new series of informal essays on various topics. Next week: Joseph Wood Krutch.*]

Study of Past Art

AESTHETICS AND HISTORY IN THE VISUAL ARTS. By Bernard Berenson. Pantheon Books. $4.

THIS is a very good book which may have a bad influence.

Among living connoisseurs of art Berenson has hardly an equal. There are many specialists, but few have his taste or his range. Fewer still have his mental resilience. He is eighty-three-years young. His writing is sassy, witty, cultivated, and wise. As a conversationalist—that dying art to which television is administering the coup de grâce—he is internationally celebrated. As a literary stylist he is in the tradition of the fine essayists in the language—when he wants to be. For he is perverse enough to turn freezingly academic and serve up one opaque abstraction after another.

Generous portions of the first three

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sections of the book, dealing primarily with aesthetics, might be classified under this last head. Here is a sample:

Movement is the manifest indwelling energy that vitalizes the delimiting outlines of an artifact and the delineations of all the parts within these outlines.

In the final sections, History and Art History Specifically, Berenson is at his sparkling and profound best. For example:

Except as its clown and jester, society does not encourage individuality and the state abhors it. Nevertheless, if "inglorious Miltons" exist, it is because they have been mute. History knows but few Chattertons, but many whose genius was recognized with small delay. For genius as distinct from talent means creative reaction against spiritual as well as material environments, and its unavoidable by-product is newness. And newness the public cannot hold out against.

And again:

Art history, if it is to be more than one way among others of keeping adolescents of all ages out of mischief, must avoid being too curious about the less significant schools of art, schools based largely on successive copying and leading nowhere . . . over which I myself have wasted so much time and by example induced others to waste even more.

Despite its title, this book is really a collection of essays. It should be read by snatches, reread and pondered at leisure. If it is taken as a whole, its pattern shows up too clearly as a meander, and its overabundant epigrams begin to pall: it has the weakness of most one-man exhibitions. Nevertheless, it develops a structure of ideas which might be summarized as follows: (1) The basis of art is its life-enhancing value. (2) Tactile values and movement still seem to Berenson, after fifty years' consideration, to explain better than anything else the force and authority of art. (3) Mediterranean art, more specifically Greek, Florentine, and French, affords the highest visual expression of the creative imagination. (4) Other Western arts are peripheral to this main stream. (5) The dignity of man is the proper sphere of art. Here Berenson speaks with a strong Greek accent: "The nude, and best of all the nude erect and frontal, has through all the ages of our world . . . been the chief concern of the art of visual representation." (6) Art history should concern itself mainly with problems; and such problems are generally solved piecemeal by a series of artists. Artistic personalities take on most meaning, therefore, when they are merged in a time sequence. Thus (7) a new history of art ought to be written without any names at all. (8) Since 1900 art has been in a terrible state of disintegration. This is partly due to "the new Thirty Years' War—let us hope not Hundred Years' War—which started in 1914." It is due also to downright incompetence. Whatever the cause, the present condition of art is worse, if possible, than in the period between the fall of Rome and the Romanesque age.

From the foregoing it must be clear that Berenson stands firmly in the classical tradition and that he will fight to the death the threat of what he considers a modern form of barbarism. To phrase it this way is not to exaggerate, for in Berenson's view the cultural heritage of the ages is in gravest danger.

Many critics today take it for granted that the study of past art can only be valid when it stems from an understanding of contemporary expression. The theory is an attractive one and has much to recommend it. But it would seem to undermine Berenson's whole career, at least for those readers who disagree sharply with his estimate of the modern scene.

Excluding mere antiquarianism, there are two very different approaches, both of them creative, to the art of the past. One is to search for present meanings, and above all visual meanings, in what has been. This was, it seems to me, Roger Fry's kind of contribution. The other, which is Berenson's way, is to resurrect a whole epoch in full detail and in such emotional clarity that it can offer a way of life and so blot out the present more or less completely. An achievement of this sort requires a prodigious amount of knowledge, will, and imagination. Essentially it is like great acting; and perhaps it is the most

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THE VIKING PRESS

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remarkable of all artistic forgeries. In Berenson's case, however, we are not considering the single performance or the isolated masterpiece but a whole mode of existence. Forgery is no doubt a tactless word to describe what amounts to a highly disciplined mystical communion. Nevertheless, the process of insulating oneself from the contemporary scene imposes strains that are not always successfully overcome, even by Berenson.

One would like to stop here and leave Berenson in his enchanted world. But the vituperation which he heaps upon our actual world and its art cannot go unchallenged. If he were not so insistent upon these excursions into the modern arena, we might overlook them, even though they blur the focus of his main argument.

Here is an example of the attack:

> Yet those who . . . dislike antique sculpture and dote on everything exotic have no cause to sneer. They also see the shapes only, and it is enough that these are not classical but distortions of our traditional way of seeing, to give them the satisfaction of being lovers of art. Yet all they are doing is to curse the shapes their elders blessed.

This patriarchal imprecation apparently would not apply to a large number of younger critics of good-will who like some, but not all, antique sculpture and some, but not all, modern art. Berenson's antitheses are false or exaggerated. Furthermore, his eloquence should not lull the reader into supposing that there is no dissension in the ranks of the elder statesmen of art. Berenson has a right to regard Picasso as an irritating young upstart, but he ought to remember that Matisse and Rouault belong to his own generation. And as for cursing, who is doing which, and to whom?

If this book has a bad influence, it will be through its effect on those despairing souls "who stand in need of an authority in the present confusion." This phrase is not, of course, a quotation from Berenson. It appears on the editorial page of *Art News*, in a piece that elsewhere hails "Aesthetics and History" as "the most significant art book in several decades." Whether this last pronouncement is true is a question that need not detain us. But I find the whole attitude very disturbing and one that should be directly challenged. Here are the bewildered, clinging to the hope of a new doctrine. But Berenson's doctrine has never wavered in five decades; it is an old doctrine that might have been discovered earlier. It emerges with perfect logic as the by-product of a charmed and dedicated life.

Such is Bernard Berenson's Renaissance. By his own effort he has made himself into a kind of mythical reincarnation. His House of Life is well built, and he has lived in it gracefully for a very long time. How greatly it differs from the Renaissance bomb shelter where Francis Henry Taylor prays for the dignity of man!

The jacket blurb of "Aesthetics and History" says that Berenson is the "dean of American art scholars." He is, if you will, a Renaissance prince, even the Podestà of Settignano. But a dean? Never!

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

Oil Center of the World

ARABIAN OIL: AMERICA'S STAKE IN THE MIDDLE EAST. By Raymond F. Mikesell and Hollis B. Chenery. University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

ARABIAN oil, a convenient and attractive if not an altogether accurate name for the huge petroleum deposits in the Persian Gulf area, is all too often regarded as the beginning and the end of America's stake in the Middle East. The idea has much truth behind it, but it is by no means the whole truth. What is omitted makes for dangerous blind spots in our approach to that whole region, a failing that affects not only public opinion in general but also the thinking of responsible industrial and political quarters.

The authors of the latest book on the subject are aware of the fact that not all the heat about the Middle East is generated by liquid fuel alone. They say so explicitly if only in passing. Yet the very title of their book has been allowed to stress the prevailing misconception that oil is just about the sole factor in our steadily increasing interest in the Middle East. Nor is this all. We are told that the writers' "principal interest lies in the realm of economic and political policy rather than in the technical aspects of petroleum production."

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LEFT RIGHT AND CENTER

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By Sidney Lens

NOBODY but an active union official could have written a book like this . . . Here at last is a behind-the-scenes account of struggles between "business unionists" and radicals, racketeers and stalinists, socialists and anti-socialists, the AFL and the CIO. The author has a keen sense of the realities of unionism — he brilliantly records its stormy past and forecasts an ever more important role for labor in America's future.

Sidney Lens belongs to the generation of unionists who served their apprenticeship in the Great Depression. He is head of an AFL local in Chicago with more than 1500 members, and a delegate to various other labor bodies.

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A careful reading of the book, however, leaves one with the impression that the more technical aspects of the problem have been handled competently and with remarkable lucidity. The economic angle has on the whole been given adequate treatment. But what little political analysis has been attempted contributes nothing to the understanding of the problem and may even add to the existing confusion.

This is not to say that the book has missed the opportunity to perform an important service. Even apart from its political implications the problem of Arabian oil is today one of great complexity as well as of outstanding significance. The authors have succeeded in clarifying the basic technical and industrial issues and have enhanced the value of their study with charts and an excellent map. They have erred—in my opinion—in seeking to broaden the base of their work by adducing other factors which are relevant but not essential to their principal purpose. The reader can now see at a glance that the oil center of the world is shifting from the Western to the Eastern Hemisphere, and more particularly to the Persian Gulf area. This is one of several reasons why the Middle East is today the world's strategic center of gravity. But the complete story is not told in this book. For that matter, it cannot be properly described in any single work, nor by specialists in any one particular field.

The world's proved oil reserves are estimated at seventy billion barrels. Of this total, 45 per cent have been located in the Middle East as against 30 per cent in the United States. Since our domestic production cannot keep pace with the demand, and since the Middle East supply is even now enormously in excess of the local demands, the vital bearing of Arabian oil on world economy and on international politics becomes immediately apparent. Small wonder, therefore, that the investment in Middle East pipe lines alone will approach $800,000,000. Nor is it difficult to understand in these circumstances why Britain has followed for years a restrictive policy toward American companies, or why an Anglo-American oil agreement has been viewed as indispensable to a constructive oil policy in that area. No one will dispute the authors' final conclusion that genuine stability cannot be achieved short of a broader international agreement covering exploration, production, and marketing.

The political background of the existing concessions is a highly intricate story in itself. It will probably take years before a full account of this phase of the problem can be attempted. But the authors could have gone farther than they have—once they set out to stray beyond the limits of their immediate field—in analyzing the constant interplay between the political and the industrial interests. The dilemma facing the foreign companies on the one hand and the local states on the other should have been brought into sharper relief. The whole issue is not only under the shadow of the Arab-Zionist conflict, with all its multitudinous ramifications, but of the clash between West and East as well. One Arab state is now on the verge of bankruptcy because its oil policy is the victim of political slogans designed originally for purely domestic consumption. Conversely, oil companies may confuse operational convenience with political equities. All of this is natural enough. In a global setup, however, with nearly half of a vital world commodity at stake, the merits of given political issues must not be obscured unduly by extraneous considerations. In other words, we want to know exactly what part oil must play in a strategically oriented world. But we cannot afford to have our judgment drowned out by oil—least of all in the Orient.

E. A. SPEISER

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Fiction in Review

ALTHOUGH Joyce Cary's "To Be a Pilgrim" (Harper, $3) may not be as odd an experience for an English reader as it is for an American, for the American reader—or at least for this one—it is odd indeed. I do not mean that it is esoteric, in the sense of being abstract or surrealist, like the fiction of Nabokov or Sansom. On the contrary, for all its strangeness it wears the unmistakable signs of what we carelessly call "popular" writing. But it has so queer a way of going about its popular business that it left me quite confused as to what it was saying about life, if anything.

On the other hand, I was never bored by Mr. Cary's story. I would find it difficult to specify its attractions, except the attraction of mystery, but the fact is that right up until the last page I was seduced into supposing that it was about to reveal a content which would justify its elaborate method and its proud air of purpose.

It is one of those novels which hinge on our ability to separate the sanity from the insanity in a certifiable character—always a confusing issue. The narrative is the journal of a seventy-one-year-old man, in which he recalls his own long life and the lives of his family; between its various entries old Tom Wilcher is locked up in his room by his doctor-niece lest he commit still more of the public nuisances to which he has been addicted in his later years. But we learn this salient truth of Mr. Wilcher's condition—that he has been given to pinching the bottoms of pretty young women on dark streets—only as the book reaches its close. Through most of "To Be a Pilgrim" Mr. Cary's narrator has appeared a prig and a meddlesome old person, yes, but also

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someone meant to be taken into account. He has been the mouthpiece, that is, for opinions about morals and politics and, especially, religion which we are given no solid reason to suppose his author offered in irony. If, having finished the story, we are then intended to understand that throughout it Tom Wilcher spoke the views of a hypocrite and lunatic—that, for instance, his ardent pleas for religious faith are supposed to be wholly discredited—I am afraid Mr. Cary's is the kind of playful mind which bumps into itself skipping around corners.

But it is not alone the opinions that Mr. Cary intrusts to his unbalanced narrator that we find so hard to assess. "To Be a Pilgrim" is a detailed family portrait: it seems to me the American reader is bound to be confounded by certain aspects of the Wilcher family situation. There is always, of course, in the domestic life of the English gentry, as it is described in modern fiction, an atmosphere of fortuitousness to which American home life provides no parallel. County sons have a way of disappearing for years on end with no one so much as remarking their absence; county daughters contract marriages on the basis of relationships no more intimate than that of being partners at tennis; babies are born who might just as well have come from cabbages; whole households are not merely sustained but presumably well nourished on meals so vaporous as to require neither marketing nor preparation; her personal correspondence and family bookkeeping is capable of undermining the health of a woman who can produce and rear ten children without a nervous quiver. And then there is always the matter of drains. All this is bewildering enough, but the experienced novel reader on this side of the ocean has learned to accept such dubious circumstances as a sort of symbolic truth. It is when we are asked to believe the career of a Lucy Wilcher, sister of old Tom, that the foreign imagination balks. Lucy is the brilliant, spirited daughter of the Wilcher ménage—every good family in English fiction has one such. Usually they marry Army and get properly tamed, but not Lucy! Lucy, for no determinable reason, all at once turns religious and joins, indeed marries the leader of, a sect called the Benjaminites.

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This sect is as dreary and dirty an evangelical fancy as has ever found its way to paper, but no one in the Wilcher family is given anything approaching a normal response to Lucy's becoming a member of it—they are not shocked, they do not consider their daughter and sister demented; Lucy's maniacal choice of vocation causes as little stir as her brother's choice of the law. The American reader, conjecturing what would go on in a similarly placed American family whose most gifted offspring suddenly decided to become a Holy Roller, must conclude either that English county life is beyond the comprehension of an outlander or that Mr. Cary swings a bit free. Myself, I tend to the latter view, there being quite a bit of evidence in "To Be a Pilgrim" that its author finds rather more virtue than he should in irresponsibility.

In fact, and I suppose this is the only reason to take Mr. Cary's novel at all seriously—and it has been taken with high seriousness by many of the reviewers—there is more than a suggestion of anarchy in Mr. Cary's whole conception, and anarchy of a kind which is sufficiently prevalent in present-day writing to have worn out any attractiveness it may once have had. Mr. Cary intrusts his opinions on religion and politics to a senile bottom-pincher. This is not very different, after all, from Mr. Steinbeck or Mr. Saroyan intrusting their views on life to ne'er-do-wells and vagrants—and we must keep it in mind that one of our most successful current plays, "The Madwoman of Chaillot," assigns the best of its wisdom and human decency to the insane. There may have been a time when such a juggling with the established social values served some useful purpose. The outrage of convention could force us to a fresh appraisal of accepted attitudes. But now it is no longer an outrage of convention but itself an accepted attitude; so accepted, indeed, that it has become corny. And it is when anarchy no longer has the power to jolt us that I think we had better beware our condition.

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Books in Brief

CREAM HILL. By Lewis Gannett. Viking. $3.50. For twenty-five years the amiable reviewer for the New York *Herald Tribune* has spent his week-ends wrestling with a Connecticut hillside. In this handsome volume, delightfully illustrated with lithographs by Ruth Gannett, he records the struggle and gives the score to date. The old house has a bathroom now, but water is still scarce in the dry summer months and baths infrequent. The vegetable garden is conveniently smaller but the flower garden inconveniently larger. Warfare with the woodchucks continues without truce or victory. Nettles have proved gastronomically disastrous, but milkweed can be palmed off as asparagus on unexpected and unsuspecting guests. And for generous measure there are chapters on local history and characters, the romance of the tomato, a dissertation on beards, and a calendar of country life during the changing months of the year. "Cream Hill" is good plain American fare, as unpretentious and indigenous as an ear of its author's beloved corn on the cob. Its humor is mild and its observations seldom memorable, but it has a limpid, artless, and engaging honesty that more than compensates. Irrationally, perhaps absurdly, one feels that so long as Cream Hill survives there is still hope for the world.

MY LIFE IN THE RED ARMY. By Fred Virski. Macmillan. $3.50. The war experiences of a brash young Pole who was drafted into the Red Army, experienced a number of remarkable adventures during months of heavy fighting, and finally escaped to join the Polish army. A non-political, human-interest story told with gusto and considerable narrative skill.

ISRAEL: A HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. By Rufus Learsi. World Publishing Company. $5. Four thousand years of Jewish history. An extraordinary chronicle unfolded in lucid, readable narrative.

PIONEERS OF AMERICAN FREEDOM. By Rudolf Rocker. Rocker Publications Committee. $3. Brief sketches of a dozen American liberals and radicals. Of especial interest are the chapters on a group of virtually unknown anarchists and reformers of the last century—Josiah Warren, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Lysander Spooner, William B. Greene, and Benjamin R. Tucker, precursors or followers of Proudhon.

THE PORTABLE MILTON. Edited by Douglas Bush. Viking. $2. This volume of the Viking Portable Series contains all Milton's major poems, most of the minor ones, and of the prose, "Areopagitica," the tract "Of Education," and three autobiographical passages from the polemical pamphlets. In his Introduction Professor Bush says about as much as can be said in summary form of Milton's life, ideas, and poetic development.

STRATEGIC INTELLIGENCE. By Sherman Kent. Princeton. $3. A study of "high-level, foreign, positive intelligence," that is, the collection of information on which to base foreign policy. An indispensable textbook for the practitioner; for the layman, a lucid and fascinating analysis of a subject of rapidly growing importance.

MY HOUSE IS YOURS. By Elsa Larralde. Lippincott. $3. A story of the building of a house in a little Mexican village; a slow and sometimes painful experience in the course of which the author acquired considerable insight into Indian life and character. Lightly informative.

THIS WAS AMERICA. Edited by Oscar Handlin. Harvard. $6. Forty European travelers describe life in the United States between 1780 and 1939. Scientists, nobles, playwrights, musicians, editors, and priests agreed for the most part that America was stimulating but that the men were depressingly devoted to business. A skilful selection that throws new light on the life and customs of our ancestors.

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Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

SCULPTURE'S new vitality is again demonstrated by the first show at Betty Parsons's (through May 28) of the work of Adaline Kent, an artist hitherto unknown to me. Our Western sculpture owes its refluent vitality to the fact that shortly before the 1914-1918 war it broke with its old Graeco-Roman-Renaissance tradition, under the pressure of cubist painting, and entered upon a new development, founded on the imitation of modern painting, that has made it into an art of abstract drawing in three-dimensional space rather than one of carving or modeling. The first radical result of this new development is already seen in the "construction," called so because it is a work of plastic art which is put together, constructed, fabricated, not a statue chiseled out of stone or molded from metal or clay.

Miss Kent is still more sculptor than constructor, but the effect of her art is the product largely of the overtures she has made toward the construction and of the tensions generated by the problems of abstract form in a talent that might otherwise have dissipated itself in the decorative. Forms that do not directly imitate nature will not permit the artist to take the easy way out by relying at any difficult point on associations; she has to deal with plastic relations in all their strict and formidable nakedness. Miss Kent works in hydrocal, a kind of plaster that resembles concrete and—as Stuart Preston points out—lacks particular character, having a grayish-brownish color and a hard surface that absorbs light yet has very little appearance of porousness. The present artist sometimes paints this plaster in different colors, in the way of the new sculptors, who have returned to polychrome for, really, the first time since the Renaissance. But it is in the openness of her work, as well as in its abstractness, that Miss Kent approaches the construction; she combines rod-like forms and perforates planes with the eye of a painter and is no more afraid of sharp edges or corners than a carpenter or mason. The result has a pleasing pictorial quality, and sometimes even more, as in the pieces "The Gambler" and "Ambush," which manage to control a greater amount of space than they actually inclose: the former by the galvanic energy in the thrust of its arms, and the latter by the opposite quality of a monumental repose that still embodies a tension.

It is hard to say yet whether Miss Kent has a robust talent. Some of her pieces show poverty of ideas or content; others fail to carry their ideas far enough, and resolve themselves into pat repetition of rhythm. The artist's "carved drawings," gouache on hydrocal, which are hung on the wall like bas-relief pictures, make the strengths and weaknesses of her gift—though I must say they show more of the latter—as clear and distinct as if under a microscope. But these very uneven works constitute nothing which entitle us to judge Miss Kent as an artist. That she is, and more than a promising one.

A painter, William Congdon, is also being shown at Betty Parsons's concurrently with Miss Kent, and his talent is in its most general aspects not too unlike hers. He possesses perhaps even greater felicity and sureness, and something of the same kind of originality, an originality of personal expression that is not backed up as yet by strong force or a radically independent approach. Congdon's subjects are exclusively the townscape and houses, and he owes to the example of Klee his willingness to accept the monotony of design involved by these. But though the design in itself may be monotonous, the effect is not. We have already seen this kind of repetitious, all-over composition, without beginning, middle, or end, in analytical cubism and in the recent work of such painters as Mark Tobey, Jackson Pollock, Janet Sobel, and Mordecai Ardon-Bronstein. Congdon does not go as far as they in uniformity of surface, especially not in his small gouaches done in Italy—which are of a great felicity in their quick and stripped-down notation of color and form, but perhaps lack ambition. It is in his larger oils, much more abstract and painted after his return to this country, that Congdon shows his true measure. In these, freed largely from the object, he states his sensations with much greater boldness. The original motif in each picture is a row of house fronts and the strip of sky above them, which the artist reduces to two blocked-in areas of more or less uniform color—a large block of deep color for the houses and a rectangular band of lighter hue for the sky. The design, as design, is conceptually like Mondrian's in part, but Congdon works and cross-hatches and embroiders his color inside the given area, so that the effect comes closer to Tobey's in the end, and we have the sensation of a continuous surface varied in a uniform rhythm.

One likes Congdon's painting and feels, particularly in its color, the presence of a real painterly emotion. Yet his individual colors have about them a faint tinge of the academic, of something not quite worked into a modern expression and therefore slightly second-hand. Where the emotion is felt most is in the color relations, which have to overcome a brilliance of surface in the individual hue that permits an inappropriate and, so to speak, sentimental connotation of depth. The eye

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in this context asks for something more opaque, more positive.

As in Miss Kent's case, I am eager to see what Congdon does next. My impression is that he is only at the beginning of the evolution that will decide him as a painter.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

THE closing scene of Strauss's "Salome" has been recorded for Columbia by Ljuba Welitsch and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra under the direction of Reiner (MX-316, $3.10). This is, I think, the high point of Strauss's writing for the stage; and it is superbly stated in this performance, except for the cold-steel sound of Welitsch's voice. The recorded sound is spacious and clear, but lacks warmth and luster.

On a Columbia single disc (72802-D, $1.05) is Pinza's magnificent singing of *Ella giammai m'amò* from Verdi's "Don Carlos," with a flabby accompaniment by the Metropolitan Orchestra under Cleva.

From RCA Victor there is Beecham's recording of Gounod's "Faust" (DM-1300/1, $22). Its assets are the overall style and taste of Beecham's performance, the beautiful playing of his Royal Philharmonic, the fine voices of the Mephistopheles, Roger Rico, and the Valentine, Roger Bourdin, the richness, spaciousness, balance and clarity of the recorded sound; its liabilities are the acidulous voice of the Marguerite, Geori-Boué, and the tight voice of the Faust, Georges Noré.

And on a single disc (12-0658, $1.25) are *Batti, batti, o bel Masetto* from "Don Giovanni," in which Albanese's singing is again hectic and explosive, as it was in the recently issued *Deh vieni* from "Figaro," and an aria from Cilèa's "Adriana Lecouvreur," in which her singing is a delight, as it was in the recent aria from "Don Pasquale." And one is impelled to ask why the two Mozart arias were not issued together on one disc, and the Cilèa and Donizetti arias together on another.

Further experience has shown me that the G. E. cartridge in a Clarkstan arm with the maximum 8 grams' pressure does not always track on Columbia LP records. And on the basis of my experience so far I would recommend the Astatic FL-33—which tracks perfectly and gives excellent reproduction—for LP. The arrangement I would suggest is (1) a two-speed motor, (2) a G.E. cartridge in a single-play arm for standard 78 r.p.m. records, (3) an Astatic FL-33 pickup with an Astatic FL filter for LP records. If the two-speed motor is part of a record-changer the G.E. cartridge can be used in the changer for 78 r.p.m. records, and the separately mounted Astatic FL-33 for LP.

A word about the proper reproduction of LP recording. The recording is made with a terrific boost of the high frequencies and reduction of the lows, which must be equalized by the reproducing equipment if the sound is not to come out excessively sharp on top and without body down below. The Columbia player attachment has equalization of the high end but not of the low; if, then, it is connected with the ordinary radio-phonograph that has too much bass and not enough treble the result of this additional equalization is sound that is approximately right; but if it is connected with an amplifier that has a flat response then the bass must be stepped up and the treble may have to be further reduced. If one plays an LP recording with a G.E. cartridge and an amplifier with flat response the treble has to be reduced drastically; with an Astatic FL-33 pickup and FL filter and an amplifier with flat response no equalization is necessary.

What I described last week was the first-rate components that I had assembled to provide first-rate reproduction of recording. For those who want an already assembled machine I would recommend the various General Electrics—with the further recommendations not to use the sapphire stylus for more than 500 shellac sides, and if possible to put the speaker into a cabinet of its own of the infinite-baffle type. Also, my No. 1 source of technical information tells me the G. E. 1201-C and 1201-D are good low-priced speakers.

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Letters to the Editors

Devious and Inept

Dear Sirs: I have just read Freda Kirchwey's devious, inept reply to Sidney Hook's letter in your issue of April 30.

If I had a subscription to *The Nation* (God forbid!), I'd cancel it.

Your "liberalism"—ugh!

New York, May 1 JOHN MEYERS

Why "The Nation" Is Read

Dear Sirs: I would like to inform Miss Kirchwey that most if not all *Nation* readers of my acquaintance are in agreement with Dr. Hook. I, for one, continue to read *The Nation,* as I have done for over twenty years, because Miss Kirchwey prints articles by writers of Dr. Hook's political orientation, and not because of Miss Kirchwey's soft approach to the Communists as expressed in her editorials.

BERNARD J. FRIED

Wallkill, N. Y., May 4

A Liberal Weekly

Dear Sirs: I have just read Dr. Hook's painfully unfair letter. Since Miss Kirchwey is forced to undergo the unpleasantness of reading and printing such letters, I should like to take this opportunity to express my approval of the manner in which she has edited *The Nation* during the few years that I have been reading it. It is certainly entitled to call itself a liberal weekly.

JAMES ROGERS

Hartford, Conn., May 2

By Hook or Crook

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate Freda Kirchwey on her exchange with Dr. Hook. I thought she had far the better of the argument. He always impresses me as trying to do everything by hook or crook for Hook. JEROME DAVIS

West Haven, Conn., May 1

Cat's-paws for Fat Boys

Dear Sirs: Miss Kirchwey, in her reply to the censorious Sidney Hook, took a hefty wallop at that weird collection of so-called "liberals" who get themselves a reputation as defenders of democracy, champions of freedom, and so forth, by crawling into bed with the press agents for the N. A. M., the Chambers of Commerce, the American Legion, and the

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rest of the "loyalty" lads in their attacks on anyone whom they suspect of trying to find out what goes in Russia. Real radicals have plenty of reason for denouncing the stab in the back which the Communists everywhere are inflicting on our movement. But real radicals are choosy about the company they keep, and that company does not include Westbrook Pegler, George Sokolsky, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and the rest of the mouthpieces for reaction who find that the daily damnation of Moscow offers a most lucrative living.

I have come to the dour conclusion that the professional anti-Communists are as unprincipled and, in a ham manner, as Machiavellian as the party-liners or, for that matter, the lobbyists for the power trust (who, incidentally, dote on the Hook line—and sinker).

A big shot on a little newspaper which claims to have some vague left-of-center connections told me quite frankly that he would accept contributions from the N. A. M., if that would help "the cause." What is that cause? It seems to consist of putting on the Index purgatorious the names of those who don't think that a holy war against Russia is the neatest solution to the problem of democratic survival. Nothing pleases the Fat Boys more than to see erstwhile radicals devoting time and a half and overtime to just hating Stalin. Then all that has to be done is to identify the free, democratic socialism of our Western allies with neo-communism to bring to a confused halt the entire liberal and radical movement here and abroad.

In order to fight Communist *and* capitalist reaction, it isn't really necessary to play footie with the latter. Having just returned from a trip to Washington, I would say that there's plenty of home work for anyone who wants to help inch along democracy, both political and industrial, a little. The solution might be for Hookites to repeat the

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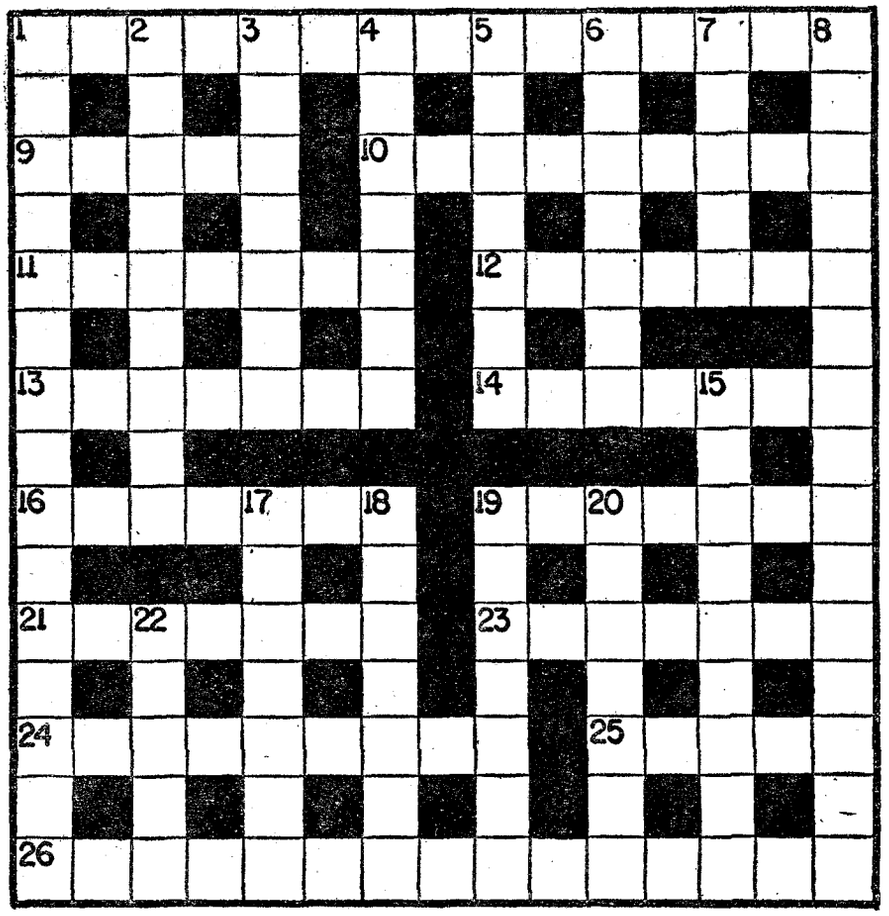
Crossword Puzzle No. 314

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 One of Franklin's vices. (4, 5, 6)
9 Jute or ash. (Chief product?) (5)
10 The kind of music every violinist picks. (9)
11 An ascent without a beginning. (7)
12 State briefly a period of picture arrangement. (7)
13 You might find it a name for imbecility. (7)
14 In the highest class of course. (7)
16 Argumentation. (7)
19 Tail-piece. (7)
21 Enraged with a point which has been raised. (2, 5)
23 At least two pitches of the arms and it's no longer recognizable. (7)
24 Do spirits need such a chaser? (9)
25 Fly? A little. (5)
26 Likely to make a body tactful, with or without an E. (10, 5)

DOWN

1 The sort of lead penny Joseph got from a famous planter. (6, 9)
2 Crabs and Baptists might be. (9)
3 Nets are the closest thing to it. (7)
4 Eosina phthalein contains it. (7)
5 Catalizers. (7)
6 Bridge? L'on y danse. (7)
7 Many a saline substance contains this water. (5)
8 The kind of radicals Providence probably looks out for? (5, 6, 4)
15 Somewhat unusual, but it could be stranger. (9)
17 Bound to take cover with this, perhaps. (7)
18 Elsie's home in the air. (7)
19 One of the first battles where tanks played a major role. (7)
20 Active. (7)
22 Growing up in apterous fashion? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 313

DOWN:—1 USURER; 5 AUBADES; 10 HOODWINKS; 11 CASCA; 12 INTERNS; 13 TORPEDO; 14 TITUS; 16 ENCOMPASS; 18 SIMPLETON; 20 GROAT; 22 FORGING; 24 RELEASE; 26 ELATE; 27 VICTORIES; 28 SPENCER; 29 SYSTEM.

DOWN:—2 and 9 SHORT SHRIFT; 3 REWARDS; 4 RENASCENT; 5 ASSET; 6 BUCKRAM; 7 DESPERADO; 8 SHADOWS; 15 TAMERLANE; 17 CONTRACTS; 18 SUFFERS; 19 LOITERS; 20 GALLOPS; 21 TSETSE; 23 GIVER; 25 ASIDE.

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anti-Communist oath on rising and then spend the rest of the day in bringing to some sort of maturity our common thinking on our common problems, strewn around our own back yard.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

New York, May 19

Misstatement and Bias?

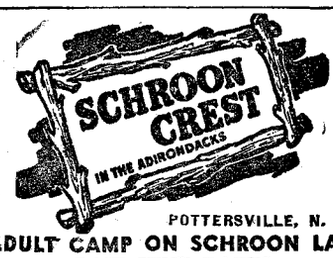
Dear Sirs: Tom O'Connor is incorrect (in News Tailored to Fit, *The Nation*, April 16) when he writes that a question about the fate of certain "purged" Russian writers which was asked at the recent Waldorf cultural conference, was "answered in considerable detail" by the Russian delegation at a panel session.

He refers to a question I asked A. A. Fadeyev at the Writing and Publishing panel: "What has happened to Pasternak, Babel, Katayev, Akhmetova, Zostchenko, and Pilnyak? Are they alive? Are they free or in prison?" Fadeyev said that Pasternak was free, and that Zostchenko had published a novel in 1947 (the year he was purged, incidentally); and he added vaguely that all six "are in existence." So for five of the six, he failed to reveal even whether they are now in prison or not—and certainly did not reply "in considerable detail."

This misstatement is typical of the bias of Mr. O'Connor's article. He makes, I think, some legitimate criticism of some of the releases of the Hook committee, but fails to mention its numerous good actions—such as the specific and admirable six-point statement on cultural freedom it unsucessfully proposed for adoption by the Waldorf conference. And he has the gall to describe the organizers of the conference as "a group of left-of-center intellectuals" who were worried about war and who "invited like-minded persons" from abroad to address their gathering. The Hook committee had no trouble demonstrating that the call to the conference was a unilateral pro-Russian statement, that the chief speakers were all either notoriously friendly to Russia or else neutral on the issue, and that no critic of Soviet communism, no matter how eminent, was invited—or indeed, allowed—to speak from the platform at any of the sessions. (The one exception was Norman Cousins—a penny-worth of bread in an intolerable deal of sack.)

It was this rigging of the conference which stimulated and indeed forced the many American intellectuals who detest

RESORTS



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Stalin's communism and regard Russia as at least as guilty as America in the drift toward war—which forced us to join the Hook committee and try a last-minute, shoestring action that turned out to be quite effective.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

New York, May 5

Bias and Gall

Dear Sirs: What was said by the Russian representatives at panel sessions in answer to queries about the present whereabouts and activities of "purged" Soviet writers, artists, and scientists is a matter of record, verifiable in the stenographic transcript of proceedings. Mr. Macdonald was neither the only one who asked about them nor Fadeyev the only one who answered. Whether or not their replies were believed by Mr. Macdonald or were satisfactory to him in any way—whether, indeed, they were true or false—was no concern of mine. I said the newspapers (with exceptions noted) did not report the answers. They didn't.

As for the rest—well, it might be fun to argue with Mr. Macdonald about "bias" and "gall." Maybe he thinks I've got 'em, and maybe I think he's got 'em, and maybe he doesn't like what he thinks I've got any better than I like what I think he's got. But all I contracted for was to write a piece about how the newspapers covered a story. I wrote it, and stand by what I wrote. I guess I'll have to let it go at that.

TOM O'CONNOR

Chicago, May 10

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JACQUES BARZUN, professor of history at Columbia University, is the author of "Darwin, Marx, Wagner," "Romanticism and the Modern Ego," and other books.

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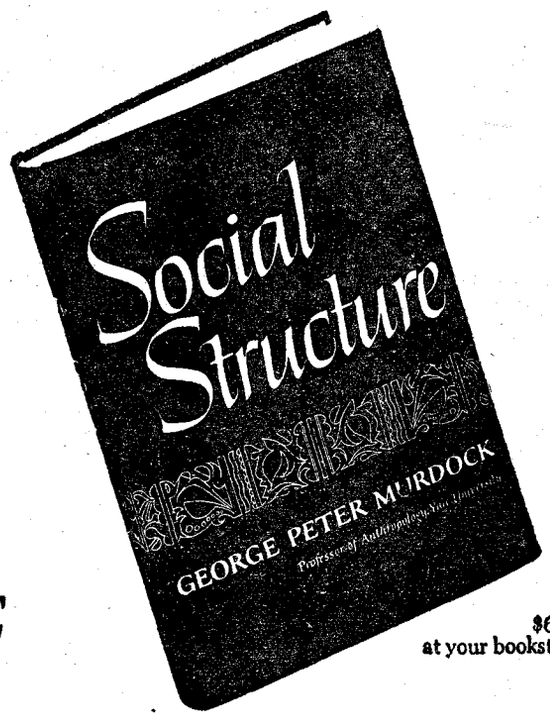

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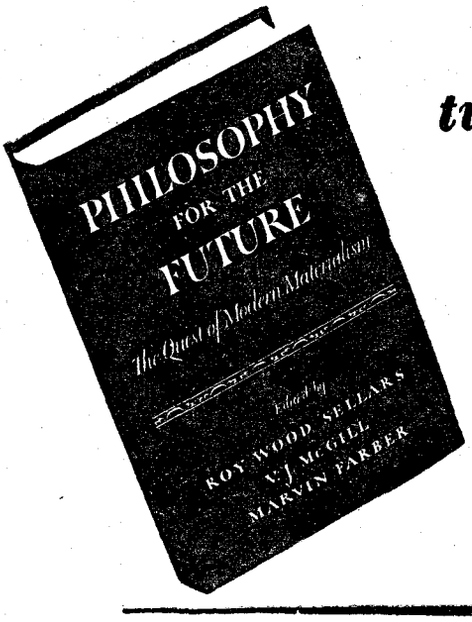

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